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panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no
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Events of the Week.

THE great battle in the West has died down for the moment after a week of heavy fighting, which has carried the Germans near enough seriously to threaten the Amiens-Paris line. North of Albert there has been little change in the position; but from the town southwards the whole of the Allied line has been pushed westwards towards Amiens. The most important of the enemy successes was the capture of Montdidier. The French were heavily engaged a fortnight ago at Roye, and ten days ago Hutier was able to force his way westward into the important junction of Montdidier. An attempt was made to exploit the success at once; but in a dashing counter-attack the French flung the Germans back, and at present securely hold them in their positions. The line, after the capture of Montdidier, presented a very strange conformation, with a horn jutting out on the extreme south towards the west, and the Germans made a heavy attack on the northern flank of the line in order to ease their position. On Thursday, the 29th, some ten divisions were thrown against the British front astride the Scarpe River. This was in its causes and aims the exact reverse of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. But the accompanying circumstances made it a more formidable blow. The capture of Vimy Ridge was accomplished last year by a comparatively small force. The German attack was made to form part of a new outburst, which blazed up over the fifty-five mile sector from the south of the Somme to the north of Arras. [Since the above was written the general attack on Amiens has been resumed.]

BETWEEN Boiry and Serre, the sector lying south of the main thrust, eleven divisions were thrown in by the Germans, and these figures give us some idea of the violence with which the assault was pressed. Vimy Ridge and Arras were the objectives; but after a day of fierce fighting, in which the British wrought terrible havoc in the dense storming columns, the position was essentially intact. There is every reason to regard this attack as a severe defeat for Below's army. South of the Somme the defence was by no means so successful, and the Allies daily found their line forced back until the beginning of the week, when the exchanges became more equal.

The struggle near the confluence of the Luce and the Avre, where the Germans were nearest Amiens, became more and more bitter. Villages like Demuin changed hands time after time until the advance was checked. At the same time, the Germans attempted to secure their long and precarious flank from Lassigny by attacking in force against that sector. In every case the Germans showed the same tactical plan, and were careful to involve a great sector in the attack, while attempting to press home some local thrust. Between Montdidier and Lassigny the French at first gave way, fighting step by step and inflicting heavy losses on the assailants. As soon as the attack had spent itself, a skilful counter-attack was made which restored the position.

ON Monday British cavalry brilliantly recaptured a wood, which had fallen into the hands of the Germans, in the angle of the Luce and Avre. But the pace by this time had slowed down to that of positional warfare. In several engagements the Allies were taking prisoners. Sharp counter-attacks not only stemmed the advance but recaptured positions held by the enemy for several days. Moreover, this was not restricted to villages like Ayette, between Arras and Albert, apparently remote from the critical sector which looked towards Amiens. Villages frequently changed hands several times, and recently the final result of the exchange has been to leave them in British hands. Yet, despite the lull, we must not forget that the enemy is less than ten miles from Amiens, which may soon become another Reims. He has possession of many good centres of communications and is threatening others. And clearly he has not finished his offensive. Amiens is too attractive a lure to be lightly ignored. But the new method of approach will probably be marked with the inflated ambition which normally inspires the German Staff. It may come as a tremendous blow against the coastal sector of the line, with the object of overrunning the whole of the Channel hinterland, and of breaking the defence about Vimy.

IT is difficult to see how any new attack can be as formidable as that which is now spent. Over ninety divisions have been identified in the present battle, and we came near the true meaning of the figure by remembering that the whole line was held by 115 divisions before the attack. Reinforcements have been brought from all over the front. Thirty came from the south and twenty-three from the north. Reports from all quarters agree that the German losses have been very severe. The German *communiqués* have had to sound reassuring notes. Furthermore, in addition to their losses, the Germans must hold their line with about a third more troops than before the attack because of its greater length, and the number immobilized will be larger over the whole of the new line because of the weakness of the positions. Great concentrations have been noticed on the southern flank, from Montdidier eastward; and it is obvious that unless this flank can be relied upon no further attack can be made towards Amiens. The Germans have created an instable salient, and they will suffer continual loss while they rest within

it. But while it is necessary to examine the enemy's disadvantages, we must realize, of course, that he has achieved a success which, on our side, would have ended the war, and that in ceasing to be absolutely critical the situation has not passed from the serious stage.

CERTAIN changes of command have been made. Foch is, temporarily, we are told, to act as Commander-in-Chief. He is one of the greatest generals in the world, and as famous before the war for his stimulating theory as he has become in it for actual achievement. It was he who stemmed the tide after the reverse in Lorraine in August, 1914; he turned the wavering struggle on the Marne into victory; and he has been associated with most of the greater Allied battles ever since. If we must have one commander, and we still doubt the necessity or suitability from a political point of view, we could have no one better than Foch. Gough is said to have been superseded. It was more than time. His best was half-success; his worst was, apparently, very near disaster. Rawlinson, it is said, succeeds him; and he will probably be a considerable advance. Plumer is again reported on the Western Front, and we should have welcomed him as Gough's successor. His Staff is ever as orderly as Gough's was reputed to be the reverse. He discovered one of the best staff officers we have, and the difference between his and Gough's calibre was conspicuous at Ypres. In future the Government must show much less reluctance to dismiss generals who can only win success (when they win it) at exorbitant prices.

IN the stress of the great battle on the Western Front little attention has been paid to the brilliant victory of General Marshall in Mesopotamia. Marshall was in charge of the cavalry wing under Maude, who apparently found his subordinate ever ready to seize an idea, and to carry out orders with skill and dash. Since he has succeeded Maude in an uneasy inheritance he has shown how well he had assimilated Maude's spirit. The recent advance up the Tigris and capture of the Turkish force of 5,000 is one of the most brilliant *coups* in the whole campaign; and apparently the cavalry are almost a third of the way across the desert stretch which separates Mesopotamia from Palestine. The objective is presumably to weaken the Turkish grip on the Hedjaz railway. Allenby's raid on Amman and attack on the railway was evidently little more than a reconnaissance in force; and the Turks seem to know the effect of any serious blow to the line which virtually maintains Arabia. How far Marshall will go in his desire to help Allenby we cannot say; but if he has suitable aeroplane reconnaissance there need not be too much risk. Meanwhile Allenby has moved nearer Nablus and has profited by the raid across the Jordan.

ALL sorts of expedients are being suggested for dealing with the problem of man-power. One is a further "combing-out" from such essential industries as mining. Another is the raising of the age limit to fifty, a plan that may yield a doubtful hundred thousand reasonably fit men for services that do not impose too great a strain. One is so clearly absurd that we almost hesitate to discuss it. Instead of considering the application of conscription to Ireland, it would be a piece of true statesmanship to discover a plan by which we need no longer immobilize good troops there. Conscription applied to Ireland would give us no *net* increase to the Army since the troops necessary to enforce it, and to keep the country in a sort of order, would exceed the possible yield. What we must insist upon the Government doing is that they should first clearly define their objective. If it be to hold out, then it is SHIP-POWER that man-power spells for us. If it be to give the maximum help to our Allies by supply and munitionment, again it is SHIP-POWER. And even if it should be the provision of the maximum number of men for the Western Front in the shortest time, once more it is SHIP-POWER. Panic legislation, which ignores this essential

fact, can only lead to disaster. The only Power with untouched reserves of man-power and with any large body of men to put into the field within a reasonable time is the United States. But unless we provide the ships, the men cannot come.

THE decision of the American Government to allow their troops to be brigaded with the British and French for the present has appreciably lightened the strain on the reserves in France. We can best appreciate what this sacrifice means by trying to imagine the British troops no longer as an army but lost as drafts in the French Army. However necessary the expedient, if the Americans were to give immediate help, the decision called for great moral courage on the President's part. The United States can best help the cause of the Allies by sending to the Western Front *at once* as many men as they can. The more they send the sooner will the troops gain the necessary experience to enable them to form the nucleus of the American Army, and, unless we are mistaken, there will be no other chance. The Germans are determined to press the battle—"the Kaiser's battle"—to a decision. If this be the case, the next month or two will decide the issue once and for all. The United States have a reserve of potential soldiers of almost limitless size, and, in comparison with that great host, the small expedients which the Allies can adopt are merely futile. We have a great Army in France. But we must remember that, for the first time in the war, Germany is free to direct her whole power against the Allies on the Western Front.

COUNT CZERNIN's speech to the City Council of Vienna comes with a curious aloofness amid the offensive in the West. But it serves to remind us that the forces making for peace are still alive. It opens with a passage of studied courtesy, even of deference, for President Wilson. Mr. Wilson, says the Count, is too much of a statesman to imagine that he could separate Austria from her Ally. But perhaps Mr. Wilson says to himself that Vienna is a favorable soil for sowing the seed of peace, that Austria has a ruler who sincerely and honestly desires a general peace, and that behind him are fifty-five millions of people. Thus, by a quaint rhetorical device, Count Czernin takes his stand beside the President. He reminds him, however, that Count Hertling had accepted his four axioms of peace. There follows a passage in which the Count declares that the Central Powers did everything possible to avoid this offensive. Some time before it began M. Clemenceau inquired "whether and upon what basis he was ready to negotiate." He replied that he was ready, and could see no obstacle to peace, save France's desire for Alsace-Lorraine. "Paris replied that negotiations were impossible on this basis. No choice then remained."

THIS passage is not easy to interpret. Does it refer to a public or to a private interchange of views? Apparently the latter. It was not Count Czernin, but Herr von Kühlmann, who gave the public answer about Alsace, and Count Czernin's speeches have all been addressed, not to M. Clemenceau, but to Mr. Wilson. The inference would seem to be that the rumors which described a recent offer from the Central Powers about Alsace were untrue. Count Czernin is able to draw the inference that this terrible offensive was necessary only "because of French and Italian aspirations after our territory." One would like to give the answer that, if we ask for Alsace, it is only as part of a general settlement, which includes economic peace and the League of Nations. But one cannot say that of M. Clemenceau, who will have nothing to do with any League which includes Germany. We then are asked not merely to back France in fighting for Alsace, but to guarantee her possession of it in a world still divided by unappeased enmities. That means ruin to France, an intolerable burden to us, and desolation to Europe. Czernin's speech underlined the necessity for disarmament, declaring that after the war no State could stand the burden of military expenditure, and

showed a good deal of fear of Czech disloyalty and anti-war propaganda. It again deprecated annexations, and made an offer of Austria's future friendship to Serbia. "We will enable Serbia to develop" subject only to the condition that Bulgaria must receive "certain districts inhabited by Bulgarians." Count Czernin hopes to make a "moral conquest" of his enemies in the East. We hope he is sincere. But his speech faces both ways. He admits and defends a new strategic frontier at Rumania's expense, though he blames Italy for seeking the same military advantage under the Secret Treaty. Can he control his own military party, to say nothing of his allies?

COUNT CZERNIN's speech has elicited a rough retort from M. Clemenceau. "Count Czernin lies!" We do not know whether statesmen think that soldiers applaud this fashion of argument by eplétive. So far as our men go, we believe there is nothing they detest more. They expect the statesman to reason, to propose, when fitting, to negotiate. But whatever the soldiers think, M. Clemenceau's language makes a further exploration of the Czernin speech a seemly act to those who have died and will die for the "clean peace" it either offers or refuses. M. Clemenceau should either have said nothing or much more, and that in a different manner. In what does Count Czernin's misrepresentation of him consist? In the Count's statement that the French statesman had ever made an approach? Or in his (apparent) suggestion that M. Clemenceau acted without reference to the Allies? Or in his description of the breakdown of the overture and its cause? Why this incessant obscurity? It is time to end it.

THE Lichnowsky document has been completed by an instructive revelation of the Kaiser's attitude on the eve of the war. The "Berliner Tageblatt" has had the courage to publish a memorandum by a certain Dr. Mühlton, who was in 1914 a director of Krupp's, and was afterwards employed in the German Foreign Office. After the Serajevo murders, but before the publication of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, he heard of the coming crisis first from Dr. Helfferich, then director of the Deutsche Bank, and afterwards from Herr Krupp von Bohlen. Both told him that the Kaiser approved Austria's attitude, and would back it, and that he was resolved that if Russia mobilised, he would declare war. The Kaiser had sent for Herr Krupp, and had told him of what was coming in strict confidence. "The Kaiser's repeated insistence that this time nobody would be able to accuse him of indecision, had, he said, been almost comic in its effect." Evidently the Kaiser had been cowed by the Junker criticisms on his failure to go to war in 1911, and intended this time to deserve the approval of the fire-eaters. That is why he backed the Tirpitz faction against the less bellicose Chancellor. The war was the price of his cowardice.

HERR VON JAGOW has from his retirement issued what is evidently the official reply to Prince Lichnowsky. It is the most important of the catena of accusing documents. While it accuses Lichnowsky of inaccuracy and perversion, and corrects one small detail of fact, it really confirms the main points of the indictment, and even gives it a kind of left-handed official sanction. It entirely acquits Sir Edward Grey of any guilt in causing the world war:—

"I am by no means willing to adopt the opinion, which is at present widely held in Germany, that England laid all the mines which caused the war; on the contrary, I believe in Sir Edward Grey's love of peace and in his serious wish to reach an agreement with us."

The only charge which Herr von Jagow does make is that Sir Edward had "involved himself too deeply in the net of Franco-Russian policy," and could no longer find the way out. His account of German policy is curious. Germany, defeated in the Moroccan crisis, could not risk a fresh diminution of her prestige. But would the acceptance of mediation on the two unaccept-

able points of the Austrian ultimatum have involved a loss of prestige? In any event, the conclusion of the Baghdad and Portuguese agreements, which only awaited publication, would have come, as von Jagow implicitly says, as a more than balancing success. He hints that he was preparing to substitute a British-German Entente for the Triple Alliance, but this could come only by a slow evolution. The fact is, of course, that this war was not primarily made by any Foreign Office, not even by the Wilhelmstrasse. It was made chiefly by the military clique, which won the vain, unstable Kaiser to head it. The Russian military clique, with characteristic folly, played the game of its rival in Berlin, and misled and disobeyed the Tsar in order to do so. But the German toils were laid first.

A PRESS campaign in favor of Japanese intervention in Siberia is still being conducted in Tokio, and echoes reach our own newspapers. Meanwhile the tension between the Germans and the Bolsheviks demonstrates the farcical absurdity of the suggestion that Lenin's Government is likely to facilitate German designs (if these existed) in the Far East. The German Government has even addressed a peremptory demand for the disbandment of the German prisoners' organization in Moscow. These men, who are described as "deserters," are apparently the German and Austrian Socialist prisoners who formed the "Liebknecht Legion" to assist the Soviet Government. Berlin is evidently far from regarding them as tools of German penetration. Apart from these extreme cases, large numbers of these prisoners have found that their technical skill and better education made them welcome settlers, and they may remain permanently, as hundreds of French prisoners did for the same reason in 1812. But everything points to an early renewal of the conflict between Germany and the Revolution. A formal Ultimatum has even been addressed to the Soviet Government, because it is said to allow the continued passage of Russian Red Guards across the frontier to assist the Finnish Red Guards. The Finnish Germanophil White Guards are meanwhile suspected of an intention to attack the Russian railway communications with the Murman Coast. The British and French authorities have accordingly "recognized" the local Soviet of the Murman region, and have even agreed to supply the local Red Guard with "what is necessary," a phrase which presumably means arms. The last pretext for a Japanese invasion is gone, and the Western Governments seem at length to have realized that it is not the Bolsheviks but the *bourgeoisie* who are disposed to make terms with the Germans.

FRENCH Canada did its utmost by constitutional means to prevent conscription; it is now obstructing it by methods which are very difficult to cope with. Nearly everyone registered, and nearly everyone applied for exemption. The local tribunals, composed, of course, of French Canadians, thereupon granted exemption to nearly every applicant. Some Quebec tribunals, as the Toronto correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" states, exempted nine applicants in ten, and some exempted all. Among 177 students in Laval University, only thirteen were found medically fit for service. There remain a large number of cases, in which no application for exemption was made: these "deserters" are now being arrested. The military authority has also appealed against a large number of the exemptions granted by the local tribunals. It is presumably the attempt to arrest "deserters" which has led to the rioting this week in Quebec. The mob has some arms, and has tried to seize more, and on two occasions there has been firing, with casualties to both sides, including four civilians killed and seven wounded. The men's leaders demand the withdrawal of the troops, which include units from Toronto and the West. Conscription will yield poor results in man-power, but it will wreck the chances of racial peace in the immediate future. This object-lesson should serve as a warning of what would happen if the attempt were made to recruit by force in Ireland.

Politics and Affairs.

THE VINDICATION.

If the world were in a condition to weigh the moral with the physical elements of the war, it would, we think, rise from its survey of the Lichnowsky revelations with the conclusion that whatever may happen to German militarism in the field, its power in the council chamber is gone for ever. No foreign impeachment has touched it; itself is its own accuser. Early Christianity took some of the greatest of its converts from the ranks of governing and fighting Rome, and the last of Rome's successors is destined to fall by the same internal revolt. Prince Lichnowsky himself is of the inner court of the ruling aristocracy. The man who gave his disclosures to the world was an officer of the General Staff, subject, it is said, like Saul of Tarsus, to an irresistible act of conscience. Two of Lichnowsky's supporting witnesses are directors of Krupps; two others are great German officials. Their five-fold strand of evidence, again, merely links itself on to Germany's first official apology for the war. Guilt is ultimately a matter of self-revelation; and what the world long guessed will now pass by slow degrees into the consciousness of the German people, and come up for trial there.

The story is of the utmost simplicity. In 1914 Germany stood at the top of the industrial world. Science and industry had promised her everything that she had not actually attained. We shall not pretend that in an age of Imperialism her earlier path was not beset by economic and political jealousies. Germany was a newcomer, her manners were those of a pushing rather than of a conciliatory guest, and the feast had not been so ordered that newcomers were welcome. This journal often deplored the Anglo-German estrangement, and, foreseeing its peril, labored to reduce it. But by 1912 Britain had swung into her right orbit. She had been drawn into the Continental System. But in the years immediately preceding the war there is no shadow of doubt that she appeared there as a moderator; and Lord Grey finally assumed that part in the spirit of a true apostolate. Thanks to his reconciling work, the Entente was softening into a *détente*, and at the Balkan Conference its British adherent was able to maintain an attitude of almost perfect detachment. He did not stop there. The groundwork of peace lay in a general Franco-German *rapprochement*. England was its only possible agent, and a frank abandonment of the policy of "penning-in" Germany to her existing sphere of influence and credit its obvious medium. Of this process the Lichnowsky memoir is only one witness. "The British Government," he said, "showed the utmost readiness to meet our interests and wishes." But the testimony of von Jagow, the Foreign Secretary, is identical. "We found the English Government ready to meet us," he says. England's hand had indeed opened to Germany a sphere of economic expansion reaching through Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf. The Baghdad Railway, a great African extension, were won, and more was to be had for the asking. Even the moral alienation which followed Germany's appearance as a sea-power, though maintained by the Northcliffe and the Conservative Press, had begun to yield. Britain, said Lichnowsky, had become reconciled to the idea of a powerful German fleet. There was no wound to "prestige," for von Jagow virtually admits that the Mesopotamian success would have healed the passing hurt inflicted by the rebuff in Morocco. Nothing ailed ruling Germany but herself.

The recital of the injury she wrought the world in the hour when she had reaped the utmost benefits from its favor is now, in outline, complete. Her policy of 1914 was, as we always declared, a gigantic bluff, in which the Kaiser's vanity and fears, and the Hubris of a too-successful nation, played equal parts, while the ruling military clique cast the rôle which both agents should play. There was a Moderate Party at the Foreign Office. It was swept away, and Potsdam intervened, in Lichnowsky's phrase, with its "decisive conversation" of July 5th. The novelty of the Lichnowsky-von Jagow-Helfferich-Bohlen-Mühlön revelations is their disclosure of the deliberation of the act. Even this is inherent in the published acknowledgments of policy. The order to secure the "isolation" of the Serbian quarrel was given out to all the German agents abroad—not only to Prince Lichnowsky, but to von Schoen, the German Ambassador at Paris, and the reckless Pourtalès at Petrograd. It was admitted in the German White Paper. All that we now learn is the genesis of the plot, its motives, and human agency. The general key is furnished in the capital confession of the German White Paper: "*We therefore permitted Austria a completely free hand in her action towards Serbia.*" Of this rigorous German "isolation" of the conflict—maintained, save for Bethmann-Hollweg's late, and possibly sincere, approach to Vienna, up to the outbreak of war—Prince Lichnowsky was the unwilling instrument. He describes his compliance as a "sin against the Holy Ghost," and his disclosure is his avowed atonement. Who commanded him to help set the world in flames and cajole England out of her effort to put them out? The Kaiser. This is the special contribution of Herr Mühlön, the director of Krupp's, who calls practically identical witnesses, Dr. Helfferich and Herr Krupp von Bohlen himself. Both these men—the one as the director of the Deutsche Bank, the other as the head of Krupp's—were of necessity privy to the guilty secret. Both, said Mühlön, communicated to him the Kaiser's part in an arranged "bluff," whose failure was to issue in immediate war. No State, he declared, was to interfere in the Austro-Serbian quarrel; and, in particular, war with Russia was to follow immediately on her mobilization. In such a war, the Potsdam Council of July 5, says Lichnowsky, saw "no harm." Incidentally, the Kaiser saw in it the rehabilitation of his damaged character as a War Lord. "In future," he told von Bohlen, "no one would be able to accuse him of indecision." The war, therefore, answered von Jagow's description of it as a war for German prestige, the prestige of a Kaiser who saw his shadow shrink before his son's, and of an Empire which, on von Jagow's admission, had, with British goodwill and assistance, just advanced to a rich and far-reaching heritage "in the sun."

Sentence of death having thus been passed on millions of innocent boys, it only remained for Germany's diplomatic agents to execute it. Prince Lichnowsky strove to undo what had been done. He declared the whole project to be "adventurous" and "dangerous." He was told that his business was merely to work for "isolation." He insisted that the British proposals on the Serbian ultimatum were adequate, but he found Berlin demanding that Serbia must be "massacred." He declared that Grey offered way after way of escape from war, and when they failed, called in vain on Berlin to suggest her own. Allow, if one will, some discount for Lichnowsky's sense of personal ill-treatment, for his homage to Grey's simple and candid temperament, and for his keen sense of the amenities, and also of the pacifist tendencies of our social life, and we can still

see in this almost agonised revelation the seal of a witness of truth.

Grey fell in the George-Northcliffe intrigue, and the Secret Treaties obscured our war-aims, as the new Prime Minister's language coarsened and defaced them. But the stamp of our original disinterestedness can never be removed. The Lichnowsky revelations are not in essence new; they merely fill the two apparent gaps in Grey's defence of British pacifism. It is clear that we brought pressure to bear on Imperialist Russia to keep the peace; and that Grey was right in holding the country's hands free. If he had held absolutely aloof, both France and Russia must have been swiftly crushed. And if he had taken unquestioning suit and service with the Entente, every moral factor would have disappeared from the war, and every hope of moral readjustment from the ensuing peace. Thanks to his struggle for a settlement of justice and toleration, governing Germany stands defenceless before the bar of opinion; in a Europe that is no longer Attila's she cannot avowedly play an Attila's part. But let us assist the judgment for which even this cynical society waits. If it is "up to" Germany to convict her criminals (guilty to her more even than to us or to the world) it is equally "up to" us to disencumber the evidence of qualifying stuff. Let the war rage as it will, this Lichnowsky disclosure brings it out of the region of force and into the court of international equity. In spite of our association with the Entente, our opening part was essentially that of a peacemaker and arbitrator. We cannot therefore put in a claim for private compensation, even if we have had to join in the work of enforcing the award. The damage of the war is to the world, to its youth and future; and it happens, by God's mercy, that we can show a clean pair of hands to it. Let us keep them so.

THE SECOND PHASE.

THE return of the battlefield to an uneasy equilibrium marks the end of the second phase of the German attempt to secure a decision. The first phase ended on the morning of Saturday, March 23rd, when the troops on the south of the line were compelled to retreat, and the rest of the British sector almost up to Arras had to fall back in conformity with the southern withdrawal. Fighting in a defensive area of considerable depth bears a wholly different character from the struggle of open warfare; and by compelling us to evacuate our defensive zone over so great a part of the front, the Germans secured a success which was by no means necessary, and cannot be ignored. With the second phase began the development of the first success. It was in this part of the battle that decisive results were to appear; but already the German Staff must have become doubtful of the possibility of securing them. For if an army which is immobilized in a highly organized network of defences cannot be cut in two, it is much less probable that it can be broken when it only rests upon improvised positions, and can retire from them with great speed if necessary.

The second phase, then, has taken on a character different from that which the Germans had planned. Its objective was to increase a breach that had never been made, and actually it became a series of thrusts south, west, and north-west. At the end of last week the Germans had only won to positions approximating to those upon which the Allies lay at the opening of the battle of the Somme. They had certain local weaknesses; but it seemed possible that they might be held for some time against the German thrusts. The reserves, however, had not yet been brought up in sufficient strength, and, as the enemy dared not rest upon positions which would virtually admit defeat in his great *coup*, the Allies were compelled to continue to give ground for almost another week. The points where the

retirement has been continued are of great interest. They do not coincide with the directions of the greatest blows. From about Serre northwards the British front has changed little despite a violent attack with ten divisions. Hindenburg's retreat over this same ground last year was followed by the Allies' attack upon the pivots upon which he had manoeuvred. Vimy Ridge was captured in a masterly little battle, and then the Chemin des Dames Ridge was slowly recovered. The Germans are now compelled to reverse the plan; but their attempt to recapture the Vimy Ridge failed as conspicuously as almost every other attempt to win laurels from the British Armies on the left flank of the battle. Below has flung his shock troops time and again against our lines. But he has made very little impression, and what he has gained he has paid for with losses which are already so terrible, that the German Staff has been compelled to explain them away. The other sectors which have been most heavily attacked are those facing Amiens and Paris; and on both the Germans have won appreciable success. They are at least five miles nearer Amiens, the city with its priceless cathedral, stands at the mercy of their guns and their Vandal souls, and they have captured the important junction of Montdidier.

But despite this considerable advance, the battle sank to a series of exchanges in which there was very little to choose, and for a few days there has now been an almost complete lull. In retrospect, the struggle conveys a double message. We have every reason to congratulate our armies on having escaped the annihilation that was planned for them. We have been very deeply moved by their skill, courage, and devotion. We can breathe more easily now that the tension is relaxed, and the Germans seem to be held. If they stand some ten miles from Amiens, we can reflect that for a year we lay nearer Cambrai, and for some little time had it under our guns. And we are bound to take note of the fact that the Germans have not only suffered extraordinary losses; but they have also occupied a line that is probably at least a third longer than that from which they moved on March 21st. They must hold the line with a proportionately increased body of troops, and these, again, cannot be reckoned on the standard obtaining before battle was joined since the positions upon which the troops rested then were indefinitely stronger than the improvised works behind which they lie now. It is, of course, perfectly true that we also must immobilize a greater number of men on the present positions. But this new factor tells more against the offensive, and future assaults can hardly be so heavy as the original one. The German reserve has been drawn upon almost up to the limits of its reinforcement from Russia. And, finally, we can readily see that the German positions are far from ideal. There are many points where counter-attack would probably place the enemy in a critical situation. The Allies' reserve has not yet been used. The Americans have agreed to their troops being brigaded with the British and French. This means an immediate and considerable reinforcement. Reserves are being drawn from this country, and General Foch, now the Commander-in-Chief, very wisely intends to hold his body of reserve intact until he sees more of the German plan. If the German offensive finds our armies united and that reserve intact, we shall see the end very speedily.

There is, then, room for encouragement in the course of the battle. But if we view it more critically we are compelled to wonder at the strange revolution that has carried our lines back in so short a time. The fighting over the whole of our front was magnificent, and on the whole it reached a level of skill that very pleasantly surprised many who had watched the experiment of army-making in a hurry with some misgiving. But while there are aspects of the battle about which we cannot prudently speak as yet, it is permissible to draw attention to the handling of the troops on the north and on the south. The quality of the men was the same. The violence of the attack cannot have been greater on the south than about Croisilles, where nearly half the total German force was engaged. There is no reason to think that Hutier's skill was conspicuously greater than Below's. Yet even now we can form no just explanation of why the offensive

succeeded so well below the Cologne stream. From a little north of St. Quentin to La Fère the situation seems to have become critical on the first day. General Gough is said to have been in command there, and he is also reported to have been removed. We trust that this is the case. There is ample evidence of lack of control on this sector, and General Gough's exploits on the Ancre and at Ypres are sufficiently well known. It is perhaps an unprofitable reflection that with a southern command equal to that of Byng on the north, we might still be fighting about St. Quentin. However little territory matters, it is certainly better to smash the German attacks a few miles from Cambrai than not far from Amiens; and the German defensive last year was a striking performance. We trust there will be no more retention of commanders who have proved their incompetence on the great scene of war, whatever quality they may have exhibited on the mimic ground of the Curragh. What we have lost so far in this battle has been chiefly due to the lack of competent handling on the southern sector of the line. The bravery of individual battalions and brigades alone prevented the disorganization developing into disaster.

Still we have wonderfully recovered. The command is reorganized, the reserves redistributed, the positions set in defence. The next phase of the battle may include a great attack in Champagne to force the Germans off the Chemin des Dames. Or the same sort of strategy may lead to an attempt about Armentières and Ypres in order to win back the Vimy Ridge. The Italian campaigning season has not yet begun; but the Austrians will be set in motion as soon as practicable. We must look to see a diversion or diversions at sea. There can be no doubt that the battle will be fought to the last reserve Hindenburg can afford. The Staff know very well the spectre awaiting at home. They will continue to spill German blood to save their prestige. But we have gone through the worst. Whatever may happen in the further phases of the battle, the Germans cannot throw in forty fresh shock divisions more than once or twice, and the second time we cannot be taken unawares. We have weathered the first and worst blow. We should come through the others.

THE LICHNOWSKY REVELATIONS IN GERMANY.

We must wait before we try to estimate the full effect of Prince Lichnowsky's disclosures on German opinion. One thing is certain. Governing Germany clearly realizes how tremendous the hostile reaction must be, and how profoundly it must affect Germany's ultimate verdict, both on its pre-war policy and on its conduct of the war. Ultimately there will be no escaping the comment of "Vorwärts" that if all parties concerned in the diplomacy of 1914 were really convinced that the German belief in England's guilty responsibility for the war was a fiction, and if, as the Socialist organ clearly thinks, the whole anti-English movement was a device to save the dynasty, the existing order stands condemned to just that measure of guilt from which it is now compelled to release us.

As yet it is only the first whisper of that coming storm of which we are conscious. Nor need we disguise our feeling that the Lichnowsky disclosures, and the shorter, but perhaps not less important, letter of Herr Mühlton, the former member of the Krupp Directorate, will only attain their full moral effect if the German offensive fails. The Russian peace has made it clear to the most optimistic among us that democratic and liberal opinion in Germany is not yet morally strong enough to resist military success. Moreover, the result of the recent Niederbarnim election, in which the Majority Socialists easily succeeded in capturing one of the most formidable strongholds of the Independents, shows that the Majority Socialists have still behind their policy of formal protest and practical support a large body of German working-class opinion. Perhaps there is not much difference between

patriotic working-men the world over, and it may be only natural that the German Socialists should in the main be determined to postpone the settlement of accounts with their political misleaders until what they believe to be the danger is over. But the evidence is that the German democrat has less backbone in political opposition than his fellows. An indictment of British policy of but one-half the cogency and authority which Prince Lichnowsky's indictment of German policy possesses would not have been dismissed by an English Labor leader so lightly as Scheidemann dismissed it in the Main Committee of the Reichstag on March 19th. It is true that, for very good reasons, only a bald official report of the sitting has been allowed to appear in Germany, and probably Scheidemann's remarks were, in fact, less trivial than they appear to have been. In any case, the "Berliner Tageblatt" lets us into the secret. The debate was arranged, it says, as a patriotic demonstration. The organizers seem to have thought it sufficient to repeat, with such variations as a well-drilled performance allows, that Lichnowsky's apologia was an outburst of wounded vanity. As the obviously much-censored version of Haase's speech put it, "the greater part of the debate had been devoted to the personality of Prince Lichnowsky, and the important questions had been passed over."

It is not to be supposed that the other members of the Main Committee were not equally sensible of this. The demand of the Left parties in Germany that the German White Book should be completed is not of to-day or yesterday, and there is no doubt that the democratic politicians in Germany know pretty well what is the reason of the reluctance of the German Government to grant their request. They must also be aware that the official denial that the secret council of July 5th, 1914, took place, at which the Austrian military authorities were present, and the general contents of the ultimatum to Serbia decided, is absolutely worthless in the face of the detailed account by Herr Mühlton of his conversation with Helfferich and Krupp von Bohlen. "Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on invente." It is likely to be too great a strain even upon the credulity of the German people when they are told in the same breath that Herr Mühlton was not responsible for his actions by reasons of a nervous disease, and that he was employed in responsible work for the Foreign Office in neutral countries until the late spring of 1917! If, therefore, we assume that the German offensive in the West fails of its true design—to end the war—Lichnowsky and Mühlton can safely be left to do their work. The main point has been gained. The publication of the Lichnowsky memorandum abroad has made its publication necessary in Germany. Instead of its being circulated secretly from hand to hand, the full text both of the memorandum and the Mühlton letter is accessible to every German who can read a newspaper. They will work and ferment in silence.

For there is, and there can be, on the German side nothing to counter the final effects of these disclosures. Now, if ever, when our cause has been shown to be manifestly just, and the evidence of its justice is at last being broadcast over Germany, it is the most binding obligation on the political leaders of the Allies to refrain from rhetorical threats of annihilation. It seems a superhuman demand to make, that at the moment when the guilt of the rulers of Germany has at last been made clear as the day, we should refrain from threatening that punishment which now at least might appear to be lawful retribution. Nevertheless, those who fight for superhuman causes, as we have been fighting, despite the backslidings of our Press and the unworthiness of our Ministers, must impose upon themselves superhuman restraints. Those who are for a decent world must, before all things and in spite of all temptations, themselves be decent. If, just as there is nothing on the German side to counter the effect of the revelations of this spring, we also give no weapons into the hands of the German Government, then we can go forward with a good confidence that German militarism will indeed be destroyed. The symptoms are already favorable. The complete embarrassment of the German Jingo Press is remarkable enough. Such arguments as

they employ as pendants to the revelations of the "well-informed correspondent" who declares that Prince Lichnowsky showed his hostility to his own country by taking such care that the Embassy table should be laid according to the English manner, are well within the region of the fantastic. Thus the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" tries to get over the inconvenient fact that Lichnowsky attacks Bethmann-Hollweg by asserting that Bethmann was so nervously anxious to achieve an understanding with England, and considered himself such a virtuoso in the matter, that he was jealous of Lichnowsky's success. The "Kreuzzeitung" is, as usual, more honest, and says that German diplomacy took the risk of war, and approves it for doing so. Moreover, it gratuitously adds an absolute confirmation of Lichnowsky's truth.

"When Prince Lichnowsky mentions what Secretary of State von Jagow said in the critical days: 'Russia is not ready. There will be some fuss. But the more strongly we stand by Austria, the more Russia will give way,' his account is in this case quite correct. Herr von Jagow used similar language to us on the day when the Vienna ultimatum to Serbia was published."

But the Jingo Press is of small account in this matter as compared with the Left. In spite of the close net of the censorship and their own consciousness of patriotic respectability, the bourgeois Liberal papers manage to let it be seen what they think of the revelations. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" neatly summarises the whole of Lichnowsky's argument, quotes his most damning phrases, and expresses the pious hope that what seemed to him to be facts then will appear facts no longer. But (it adds) Lichnowsky is quite right about the criminal way Germany backed Austria. The Government has promised a new White Book; let it be really complete this time. Still, the conviction of the German people that they are fighting for a just cause "has its justice." Von Kühlmann ought to have been there to explain matters, "because it looks very much as though we were on the brink of a comprehensive understanding with England."

"The two authorities mentioned in the Mühlen letter have described the writer as a nervously affected man and the content of his letter as 'pathological.' We should have liked it better if they had said whether the statements in the letter were true or false. It is possible that the writer is nervously affected. But judgments upon such diseases are often very much at variance, and an affected man can say true things."

And the "Münchener Neueste Nachrichten," after declaring that "the whole tendency" of Lichnowsky's letter is disposed of by the Sukhomlinov trial, continues:—

"The one item which certainly stands in urgent need of explanation is the history of the colonial agreement, which seems to have offered us, if it had been carried through, a most important extension of our colonial possessions and certainly the possibility of a permanent understanding with England. An explanation without any gaps in it must be given as to the reasons why the conclusions of this agreement was so long delayed that it was finally too late."

There is no case against Lichnowsky's indictment. The Sukhomlinov trial does not affect it. The Socialist organs of Bremen and Munich, which both express the views of the Majority, are yet more outspoken. For them, Lichnowsky has demolished the legend of England's guilt, and has shown that the German Government has been afraid to let the truth be known. Against this realization of the facts no "patriotic" personal attacks on Lichnowsky will prevail. The duty of British statesmanship is to take care that the inevitable effect of these disclosures is not nullified by declarations which convince the German that, even though he has been led into an unjust war, he has nothing for it but to fight to the last if he does not want to be crushed for ever. With military failure a crisis in German is inevitable, even though an Allied Army may never stand on the bank of the Rhine. The more prudent, the more moderate we are, the more acute it will be.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

AGAIN we are at the mercy of military events. In the absence of a clear policy, or an adaptable one, or a prudent one, or a definitely high-minded and disinterested one, all comes on the backs of the soldiers. And yet how ineluctable the responsibility of the political is! We hope and believe the best. But we must contemplate events in the light of their possible, or even their extreme, issues. The land war hangs in the balance. Grave is the burden of the statesman whose eye was ever more on the circumference than on the centre of the struggle. The chief military opponent of the policy of dispersion is himself dispersed. The line which Mr. George declared to be impenetrable to our troops has proved to be penetrable by the Germans. But supposing the land war were decided against us, and we recurred to the sea war, which is our traditional weapon and shield? There, again, all depends on political management. We hold as long as we keep the seas. The Fleet will do that for us as long as it is humanly possible. But what is the political contribution to the work? What, in other words, is the Government's answer to the statement that though sixteen large British ships were sunk a week or two ago, we cannot, with our great resources in shipbuilding, construct anything like sixteen ships to replace them? Only a few thousand workers were wanted to do the work. But the thousands are not there; Mr. George has not found them. Why? I suppose because he was so sure that there was nothing to fear from the submarines. Well, Mr. George was horribly wrong.

THERE is the trouble. The country should be in the hands of a man whose judgment it trusts, and whose character is built on the lines of its best statesmanship. Mr. George is not such a man. He does not control such a Government. His associates do not awaken such feelings. His language does not inspire such confidence. What is his policy? How many of the hundreds of thousands of the devoted boys who are fighting England's battle know honestly, simply, clearly, definitely from his lips what England requires of them?

OTHER lips speak. M. Clemenceau, who rejects the League of Nations, has, says Count Czernin, taken it upon himself to refuse an Austrian offer of the *status quo* subject to Mr. Wilson's propositions, but declining the cession of Alsace-Lorraine. We have only Count Czernin's version of M. Clemenceau's refusal, and clearly it calls for definition. M. Clemenceau denies it, and tells us that Count Czernin has "lied." That is a laconic word to address to the millions now locked in bloody strife. What is the "lie"? That M. Clemenceau himself suggested that Austria should state her terms of peace? Or that Count Czernin ever made such a statement? That M. Clemenceau would not negotiate, because Count Czernin said that the French "desire" for Alsace-Lorraine was the only obstacle to peace? The story, which had wide currency here, is that Czernin did not so shut the door, and that Austria made mention not only of Alsace-Lorraine, but of the Russian loans and of a German guarantee of them. It may be quite untrue. But M. Clemenceau's *démenti* explains nothing, not even itself. And what is the Allied policy on Alsace-Lorraine? We are bound to ask if we are fighting for Alsace-Lorraine *simpliciter* as part of a merely territorial peace—i.e., of a peace which, with or without Alsace-Lorraine, gives France no more security (rather a good deal less) than she enjoyed in August, 1914. But the four Wilson propositions cover and define the peace of justice we desire. At all events, they negate the idea of a "German peace." Are they then embraced in M. Clemenceau's negative to Czernin—if it was a negative? We have a French Generalissimo—a brilliant one. But there can be no exclusively French policy. Where, then, do we stand?

OUR amateur diplomatists are disputing the point whether Germany was cognisant beforehand of the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. Surely little hangs on it. The Foreign Office, I think, maintains that it has good evidence for its belief that two or three German diplomatists (including von Stumm) had copies of it. But there seems more evidence still for the theory that Germany, having arranged the substance of the plot with Austria, also asked to be kept in ignorance of the wording of it. She could then hold the strings and deny that she was holding them, and allege the Kaiser's arranged absence on a yachting trip in proof of his innocence. This fits in with the Muhlton disclosure and with the superficial slyness of the worst German diplomacy, content to leave a broad trail of infamy behind it, so long as it could cover up some side-track. But these details a little obscure the true centre of the plot. That lay in the War Council of July 5th. There, it is clear, the more moderate Foreign Office and Chancellor were overborne. The soldier cast his sword into the scales, and the weak, vain Emperor weighed his crown in with it. Thus thwarted, the political machine abandoned its pro-English policy, adapted itself to the military decision, and gave Lichnowsky and his colleagues their orders. Against all the evidence, the infatuated Pourtales reported Russia's acquiescence. So force, folly, short-sighted craft, the ill-calculating head and indurated heart of militarism, had their way. Militarism, pure militarism, made the war, and in the days to come let Germany never forget it.

THERE can be no forced passage for the Man-Power Bill. Parliament will insist on submitting it to a close examination. It is not urgent, as is the problem of ship-power—the vital test of our endurance in the war—for it cannot add a man to the fighters on the Somme. Moreover, it offends nearly every kind of critic. The military man knows that the idea of a middle-aged army is worthless. Labour will hate it. The proposal to abolish exemptions has all the air of industrial conscription, and if the tribunals go, will give the Executive unlimited control of the national life. And any summons to discharged soldiers will revive the cruelties of the Exemptions Act. The entire scheme may well deal an almost knock-out blow at our declining industrial force. These men of 42 to 50 were all doing some work of skill or superintendence or manual toil for which they were presumably well-fitted. Now Mr. George sets them to do something for which they are less fitted. And he is drawing on an almost empty well. There is no great reservoir of man-power left here after the Government's gigantic drafts on it. It exists only in America, which as yet has hardly nibbled at conscription. In the plan of the States finding the men, while we find the training, there is a substantial and rapid means of expansion. Will America supply it? She does not seem unwilling. There, at all events, is an adequate conception of the physical necessities of the war. But the country sickens of these "stunt" ideas, of this policy of backward and forward jumps, like a distracted kangaroo. What it wants is a calm, steady mind at its head. Then, and then only, will it get good plans of war and connected thoughts about peace.

TAKE the question of the peace propositions. General Smuts says that Mr. George's "olive branch" of January (the address to the Labor Party) was answered by Germany with the "mailed fist." That statement will not do. The door to peace was indeed just opened in the January address. But it was barred and bolted in the declaration of the Versailles Conference of February and the manifesto of the Western Allies of March. The first document was a reply to the open overture of Count Czernin (with its acceptance of the Wilson basis) and to Count Hertling's more doubtful suggestion of a resort to "intimate" conversations. Versailles lumped both speeches together and dismissed them, omitted all statement of war-aims, and declared that the one "immediate task" was to go on with the

war. The Manifesto reiterated this point-blank refusal to negotiate in language even more rhetorical and conclusive. The terrible fact is that both sides entered on the vast speculation of the battle-field, after having definitely closed the account of peace.

OUR great political suspense is over Ireland. Let us try and avoid the self-deception of supposing that the factors change in our favor, and that because moderate Nationalism has won Waterford, and won East Tyrone with Unionist help, the decline of Sinn Fein has set in. Probably a victory in King's County will rehabilitate it. But in any case its power in Ireland, excepting Ulster, Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford, is not substantially shaken. Conscription can only swell it. "It would convert every Irish parish into a little La Vendée," writes an Irishman to me. That applies with almost equal force to any attempt to link it with a political settlement. Conscription would simply unsettle the settlement, especially of an essentially postponed and conditional settlement. You cannot ask the Ireland of to-day to be "good," if you give her disposition to be "bad" about the severest test you could possibly apply to it in her best humor.

THE other day I met a leading Liberal in a southern district which he well knew. I asked him what was the Prime Minister's position on his Council. "He had many supporters when his Government was formed. To-day he has not one." I asked why. "The intrigue against Mr. Asquith, and the character of his associates," was the reply.

THERE was a statement in Prince Lichnowsky's memoir which, for the honor of British journalism, I had hoped to see cleared up. This was his suggestion that the "Standard" of 1914 was in the pay of Austria. The paper itself has now ceased to exist, and during its last declining years it changed hands more than once. But three at least of its later proprietors are alive. Have they nothing to say? Prince Lichnowsky's statement is a definite charge of Bolsoism. It should at least be worth investigation.

A WATFARER.

Life and Letters.

AN OLD MAN'S WORLD.

FOR several generations to come the balance of the ages of men in all the warring countries will be grievously upset. For though the boys already born before the war will pour in for some fourteen years at the ordinary rate to help fill the fatal gap where millions of young men have dropped out, the war effect upon the birth-rate will then be felt, and the flow from boyhood to adult-manhood will slow down. While, therefore, there will be an excess of old men for one generation, the balance will after that weigh down in favour of middle-age for at least another. Thus for a long time to come the sap of youth cannot rise freely in the tree of life. This will be perhaps the heaviest of the costs of war. In our country it will be even heavier than elsewhere. For our slain and disabled youth will comprise an undue proportion of those qualities of generosity, courage, and sympathy that stocked our early Volunteer Armies.

What will this disturbance of the balance mean for the national life in the confused and perilous times that lie ahead? Old men will sit more numerously and more firmly than before in all the seats of power: in the counsels of Government, of the business world, in the learned professions, in science, literature, art, even in the ordering of family affairs, their judgment and will must be more dominant than ever. Except for the new influence of woman—an incalculable factor—it will be an old man's world.

At first thought that may seem to some not wholly undesirable. For in the hazard of new futures to which

the world will be exposed it may seem that the wisdom of old age will be a safeguard. Recalling the famous saying, "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*," they may be disposed to vote for *sagesse*. But, before conceding such a claim, it will be well to scrutinize it closer. How far is this sharp antithesis of *sagesse* and *pouvoir* valid? And is it even true that youth has the one and age the other? Does the fading memory of long accumulating personal experience make a sage? And, on the other hand, is it true that old age lacks power? Reflection upon our present evil case inclines us to the view that the defective wisdom and the excessive authority which old men already wield over affairs are largely responsible for our troubles. For the pace and variety of modern changes in all departments of human activity have more and more outstripped the adaptability of old age. Their backward-looking eyes, routine thinking, enfeebled feeling and imagination, are stamped upon every action of this fearful drama, its diplomacy, its strategy, its home government, its finance, its modern improvisation of national resources, its fumbling manipulation of public opinion. The severance of the old men who form judgments and issue orders from the young men who act and suffer has a significant place in the interpretation of the war.

And afterwards? At a time when our nation, like the others, is confronted with the need for swift, bold, and numerous readjustments in all our social institutions—Church, State, industry, and property, the family—what will happen if old men sit in all the seats of authority while the rising crop of vigorous young men has been mown down by the scythe of battle? For the power of old age will be most excessive when the wisdom of youth is most needed. Security and progress, if they are to be won for the nation, and for the world, will demand more of the qualities of youth, less of those of age. Audacity, creative energy, risk-taking will be necessary to salvation. Old men cannot give these qualities. It is not their fault, but nature's. It is sometimes denied that old men's minds grow feebler and less supple with their bodies. And there are instances of an old age which retains great liberty of thought and reciprocity both of ideas and feelings, the mind seeming to defy the laws of the body. But the ordinary case is quite otherwise. It is not so much that the wisdom of age consists overmuch in frozen experience, and in judgments which changing times has rendered obsolete. The chief danger of the dominion of old age is its shrinkage of sympathy and imagination. "Young men," wrote Bacon, "are fitter to invent than to judge: fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business."

Now, the time in which we shall enter, though not lacking in the need for counsel, is one in which invention and new projects are most pressing. It is a special call for the wisdom of the young, and for more power to be put into their hands. Underneath all the other struggles between autocracy and democracy, capital and labor, bureaucracy and liberty, and the like, will be waged this struggle between the qualities of youth and of age, the spirit of the past and of the future. Age will have its champions. Its sentimentalists will gather round it for defence. "I love everything that's old," wrote Goldsmith in a sentimental moment, "— old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." "Mature," "mellow," "reliable," are the claimed virtues.

But reason, balancing the respective claims, will more and more declare for youth for such a time as lies before us. Old men will be found too obstructive, too timid, too self-centred, and too self-confident. In practical affairs the sharpest differences of outlook and of temper will be manifested in the realm of economic and financial reconstruction. After the war property will be concentrated more than ever in the hands of the old, and with property the control of industry—i.e., of the productive energy of the young. The heavy burden of war costs will in the main stand to the credit account of the old, to the debit account of the young. The war—profiteering in every country, the lucrative investments in war loans—will weigh down the balance everywhere against the young. Bad before

the war, the distribution of wealth will be worse afterwards. But the patience with which the contrasts of poverty and riches, masterhood and servitude, were borne before will no longer be forthcoming. In other words, youth and vigor, the creative and productive energies, will demand their complete enfranchisement from this dead hand of past accumulated property and the economic domination which it yields. This demand is already beginning to formulate itself, as yet, somewhat obscurely. Peace will soon classify it. Will old men be able to modify their notions of their prescriptive rights sufficiently to meet it? Or will they use the power of resistance which they possess and court revolution? Have they sufficient unity and adaptability to recognize the magnitude of the concessions required of them, and to grant them? Cicero and other panegyrists are wont to claim for age a calmness of spirit, a freedom for the thralldom of the passions. But old age has its own passions, and too often they centre in the pride of power vested in the ownership of property. It is not for nothing that the term "generosity" is commonly applied to youth. It is harder for the old to give than for the young. A sense of enfeeblement makes it difficult for aged people to part with the insignia of power. Nor are they easily open to persuasion. Obstinance and irritability are complementary defects of a weakened nervous system.

The famous Virgilian picture of the veteran who steps in amid the tumult of conflicting passions and by his moral personality brings them to a holy calm is not true to life. A loss, not a gain, of nervous self-control belongs to age, and it would be easy to cite instances from recent history to show how disastrous to mankind has been the presence of an embittered old man at the helm of a great state.

It is particularly in politics that the dominion of age is most perilous. In the shrinkage of sympathy which normally comes with old age there is a fatal defect. You may best test it by the attitude towards ideals. Those who have no personal future in this world are apt to crab ideals. It is partly feebleness of grasp. "A certain Rabbini upon the text, 'Your young men shall see visions, your old men shall dream dreams,' inferreth that young men are nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream." It is also partly an unconscious envy of the young. For, as the same writer remarks, "Deformed persons and eunuchs and old men and bastards are envious; for he that cannot possibly mend his own case will do all he can to impair another's." If it be observed that we have here entered an unfair indictment of old age, laying stress upon its defects rather than its virtues, we would admit that this is the case. For our object is to insist upon the urgent need for labor in every field of human affairs, for the larger representation of youth, so as to offset the damage done to the balance of power by the killing of the young and the consequent excessive concentration of all power in the hands of the old, at a time when the tasks before every human society demand for their performance the vision, the courage, and the creative gifts that are the prerogatives of youth.

HOPE IN BAD TIMES.

THERE have been years in the world's history when the hope of mankind seemed to be suddenly submerged in overwhelming disaster. A country or a Continent had gradually advanced in all that civilization means. Houses had been built to resist the sun or rain and cold; cattle and children were defended from wild beasts; fields were planted, and the earth yielded her increase; safe and easy roads ran from town to town; the rivers were bridged, and the streams controlled to use; mills and factories hummed or clattered with machinery; cities were beautified with architecture, thought ennobled by the power of the word; gods appeared kindly, on the whole; and men and women so content with daily life and daily labor that few desired to die before the natural end, and most had no desire even then for death. Suddenly upon such a scene a destructive calamity fell. In a few seconds, an earth-

quake shattered all in ruin. In a few hours, a volcano covered all with molten lava and glowing ash. In a few months or years, war obliterated the memorials of all that joyful life.

The most hideous calamities which thus befall mankind have always been the handiwork of man. The mind shrinks from the attempt to realize what is meant even by those sculptured stones representing the capture of ancient cities whose very names have been long forgotten. Walls collapsed; men lay in heaps transfixed with spears and arrows; line after line of captive men and captive women were dragged into slavery; their race vanished from the earth; the happiness which they had so carefully devised and guarded was wiped out beyond recall. Consider the civilization of Crete, the wealth of its resources, the beauty of its arts, the pleasure of its daily life, the apparent justice of its gods and government. Yet it was suddenly overwhelmed by man, and for three thousand years its only records lay in a few dim and incredible tales.

In every age and quarter of the globe certain pages of man's dark history have been further blackened by years or episodes of similar despair. We need not go back to the traditions of blood and ruin which cast a gloom of horror over Greek life and worship and literature, no matter how our æsthetic commentators may extol the Hellenic blitheness and gaiety which they find, or desire to find, in the remnants of Greece. Let us come to times when history was about as trustworthy as history ever is. Imagine with what feelings Athenian men and women heard that vast hordes of Asiatic savages were crawling round the top of Greece, bridging the sea, consuming the land, drinking rivers dry; heard that they had broken through the gate between mountains and sea, and were close at hand. And then with what feelings the people from a distance beheld their city go up in flames—gods, temples, and all! Less than a lifetime later, when the city had risen in greater beauty still, huddled within the walls they watched, year after year, a pitiless enemy destroying the fertility of their farms and threatening famine from outside, while a plague decimated the crowds of country people who had sought shelter in stifling huts, jerry-built among the marble temples. Less than a lifetime later still, they saw their city year by year gradually declining, torn by civil faction and tortured by bureaucratic tyranny, until at last the same pitiless and overgoverned enemy, educated for war alone, and devoted to nothing higher than the State, destroyed her sea-power and obliterated her insulating walls to the sound of flutes or screaming bagpipes.

That was a fine, laconic gesture when Philip threatened Sparta with utter destruction if he came, and Sparta answered with the one word, "If." Yet the finest gesture did not rescue Greece either from the Macedonian or the Roman blight, and with Greece all that was greatest in human civilization disappeared. We see the poor relics gathered up in Italy and spread along the Mediterranean shores. During the exhausted calm of the Augustan age, and beneath the bland tranquillity of the Antonines, a civilized world began to recover and form itself again, just as in a lake the surface grows pellucid as the turbid deposits sink. Yet hardly had the Roman world assumed a quietude when those centuries of misery fell upon it which make Gibbon's History an almost unbroken chronicle of woe. Issuing, like Cimmericians, out of darkness, Goths passed through Prussia and the Ukraine to plunder and destroy the leavings of Greece and Asia. Franks from the Upper Rhine crowded into Gaul and Spain; Vandals into Northern Africa. Alaric the Goth sacked Rome, but within a generation Attila the Hun found plenty still to sack. From beyond the Wall of China, his Mongol hosts wandered, hideous offspring of witches and demons of the wilderness, and where his horse trod grass never grew again. Hardly had he relieved the world by his death when Genseric the Vandal sacked Rome again; and so for ten centuries in succession those "irruptions of the barbarians" continued, until at last the Turks stormed into Constantinople and the Eastern Empire was united with the West in common annihilation.

During those ages, what hope for civilized mankind

seemed to survive? In recent times, what hope could our own country retain during the central years of the Napoleonic war? In the midst of our present griefs and apprehensions, let us remember those months and years when "the Corsican Demon," "the Enemy of Mankind," was striding over Europe from victory to victory. Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena:—

"Another year! Another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown;"

so the great poet exclaimed. "There is nothing to break the gloom; Europe is France," said Addington. "Roll up the map of Europe; it will not be wanted for ten years," said the dying Pitt. We are forgetting in what abhorrence the name of Napoleon was held by this country only a century ago. We were forgetting that kind of detestation until to-day seemed to bring a fit object for its parallel:—

"The secret of Napoleon's success," said Wordsworth, "lies in his utter rejection of the restraints of morality—in wickedness which acknowledges no limit but the extent of its own power. Let anyone reflect a moment, and he will find that a new world of forces is open to a Being who has made this desperate leap."

Yet Wordsworth had greeted with natural enthusiasm the Revolution from which Napoleon sprang, and in spite of his slow decline into the slough of resigned acquiescence in conservatism, he was still at that time almost as true a foe to the commonplace tyranny of Courts and Governments as was Byron when in despair he cried:—

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child?"

In days and years such as those through which this country has lately passed and is passing now, there may be a consolation in recalling days or years when the world's outlook appeared equally dark. If the depth of sorrow is the memory of past happiness, some alleviation may be gained by remembering unhappier things. "O passi pejora"—that exhortation to fortitude is ancient and assured. In times of extreme adversity and suspense, it is safest to grant the worst at once. Let it be granted, then, that much of man's history is a record of brutality. Let it be granted that Goethe's Euphorion was right when he said, in lines quoted by Lichnowsky as expressing the doctrine of the German militarist party:—

"Träumt Ihr den Friedenstag?
Träume, wer träumen mag!
Krieg ist das Lösungswort!
Sieg, und so klingt es fort."

Let it be granted that the present slaughter, the present anguish of suspense, and the present fear for all that a free and self-reliant people has most valued, come to us only in natural succession to the Persians' attempts to exterminate Greece, to Sparta's destruction of Athenian individualism, and to the desolation brought by earlier barbarians upon the civilized world. Still we need not assume that man's belief in violence as advantageous, and in bloodshed as medicinal, are permanently characteristic of his nature. We have all his religion, much of his poetry, a fair amount of his philosophy, and some of his history, which assume and even prove the contrary. The daily lives of millions—the true average of living—are a testimony against it. Even the contemplation of those ancient disasters reveals a real change, which, for want of a stronger word, we call progress or improvement. Horrors are perpetrated, as in all wars from the beginning; but, beyond a certain limit, their perpetration raises a protest even in the nation guilty of them—a slight protest, but stronger than any we read in the Book of Joshua, or even in the history of Greece, except as coming from a few unusual minds. Even if that particular element of progress or improvement is disputed, the wonder is still that man, however monstrous his misdeeds have been, nevertheless continues capable of kindness, pity, honor, and devotion to ideas called noble. Whatever calamity the war may bring upon civilization and the human race, those qualities seem bound to endure, and no conceivable miracle can surpass the marvel of their persistence.

Short Studies.

AMONG THE BOLSHEVIKS.

I.—ACROSS SIBERIA.

I LEFT Peking in the evening. The train bounced and jaggled over the uneven road bed. Shrill Chinese chatter penetrated every corner of the train.

The next day the walled towns with their narrow alleys disappeared, the hills vanished, the land flattened, mud huts filled the horizon.

At Mukden we entered Japanese territory. Then came a night on a Japanese train. It was a train de luxe. An advertisement on the part of Japan of her competence, a sort of "see how good it is to be ruled by us." I had a compartment to myself, and a real bed with dazzling white linen sheets. But this one bit of luxurious travel was brief. In the morning we arrived at a small frontier town and boarded a dingy dirty Russian train. Yet, despite the dirt, I felt out of the East, back in the West. The Russian language is as unintelligible as the Chinese, but it has a familiar note, just as the rough log houses in place of mud and stone huts, and the long belted fur-lined coat and fur cap instead of the pig-tail and shirt, bring one back with a rush from queer customs and mysticism, to a crude but modern civilization. At seven in the evening we reached Harbin. Here I was to catch the Vladivostok express for Petrograd. The temperature had dropped 30 degrees. It was very dark and cold as I stepped into the large waiting-room. The warmth of the place was grateful. But the relief was momentary. The air was foul. Sprawled over the floor, on the benches, in the chairs, were hundreds of Russian refugees. There wasn't an unoccupied floor spot. Women and babies lay flat upon their backs with their bags as head rests. Dirty Russian soldiers sat upon curled-up legs and smoked and spat upon the floor and littered the place with cigarette butts. Rough-looking Cossacks with unshaven faces, armed and knived, pushed their way in and out of the crowded room. The Russian Revolution had descended upon me. I shrank back, frightened. All around me was a babble of voices, but not one word could I understand. It was seven, and I had had no food since one o'clock. In the far end of the room was a refreshment counter, but the crowd was too dense to reach it. I searched for a place to sit, but there was none, even on the floor. I stood on one foot and then on the other. Two hours crawled by. The bulletin board showed the Petrograd train was many hours late. I could endure the discomfort no longer. I struggled to the door.

It was dangerous to leave the station. Stories had reached me in China of the disorder in Harbin. There was shooting in the streets. Hardly a day passed without some killing. Chinese, Russians, and Japanese filled the town; no one was in control, the Foreign Legations remained under cover. But bad air, hunger, and fatigue drove me forth. Instinct said the Chinaman was to be trusted, and I hailed a ricksha and climbed in. There is one word common to all lands. "Hotel," I said. We slipped out into the dark night, and soon I was at Harbin's one hotel. That place, like the station, bulged with humanity. Beds filled the corridors. Russia was spuing forth an endless stream. Even here my English tongue brought no response till a young man in European dress stepped forward. I had asked for the British Legation. "Let me take you there," he said. "I have an automobile." Trust is a prime requisite for travel in warring Europe, and I gladly accepted. A quick, breathless ride in the winter night set me before the house of the English Consul. But my reception by the young secretary was not cordial. Life was difficult and dangerous, strange women an added responsibility, my supperless condition a vexation, for the young man had nothing to offer. We chatted for a couple of hours. At eleven my companion insisted on seeing me to my train. We deserted the side walk and took to the snow-covered road. "It is safer," said my companion, "for there has been much shooting lately." It was a mile to the station. The night air bit, and my feet grew numb. When we arrived we learned to our dismay that the train was still hours late. It wouldn't arrive before 2 a.m. I was faint from hunger. I clamoured for food. Reluctantly my companion set out with me for the hotel. A hard piece of bread, a stale egg, and a weak cup of tea gave me back a little courage. I begged my companion to go home and to bed. But his sporting blood was up. He insisted on seeing the thing through. We returned to the station. We crowded into the packed building and found standing-room near the door. One o'clock came and went. Rough-looking Russian soldiers gazed suspiciously at the neat khaki-clad Englishman beside me and brushed rudely against him. He swung his cane nonchalantly and looked uneasily about. Minute after minute crept by. Two o'clock came, then two-

thirty, and the shrill whistle of a train. I bade my companion good-bye and staggered up the steps of a first-class State car. Would my berth reservation be correct? A thick-set man in a Russian blouse unlocked a state-room door. I was too tired to notice my surroundings. The grimy dirt of the floor, the grey sheets went unheeded. My heart rejoiced at the unoccupied upper berth, and I flung my clothes off and dropped into bed. The seclusion and rest were heavenly. But a wave of loneliness swept over me. Was there anyone on the train who spoke English? Had the members of the Y.M.C.A. or the American correspondent whom I expected caught this train? Should I find them in a neighboring car? Then I smiled. I remembered the letter the Editor of an American magazine had given me. It was a letter "To whom it may concern." It was the last sentence in the letter made me chuckle. It said, "We can vouch for the character of the bearer of this note, and will be responsible for her actions and conduct throughout her journey." Poor Editor! To vouch for a stray woman in turbulent Russia! I chuckled again and dropped asleep. My sleep was deep; it must have lasted several hours. It was 6 a.m. when I awoke with a start. My state-room door had been flung open. The Russian porter was showing a Cossack soldier into my compartment. I sat up in my berth and let forth a flood of English. I gesticulated wildly, but the Russians only shook their heads. Then the Cossack dismissed the porter, closed the door, and firmly locked it. Tales of Cossack brutality surged through my mind. I felt for my money under my pillow. Surely my grey hairs would protect me. My heart beat violently. The soldier was distinctly disagreeable. He saw my discomfort and enjoyed it. He gathered up my scattered garments and flung them into my berth. Then he slowly took off his coat and shoes and climbed into the upper berth. I heard him making his preparations for sleep. I listened breathlessly till all was still. Then I stealthily began to put on my clothes. When dressed in my coat and skirt I crawled out of the lower berth and stood up. The soldier was lying above me with eyes wide open. He had a cigarette between his lips. He puffed at it leisurely and grinned at me amusedly. A wave of resentment seized me, but I picked up my comb and brush and began quickly to do up my hair. My hand trembled. Then suddenly I remembered the Editor's letter—"We will be responsible for her action, and conduct throughout the journey." Poor Editor! My lips twitched, laughter surged up. My strained nerves relaxed and fear vanished. I gathered up my possessions, unbolted the door, flung it open, and in a moment was out in the corridor. But it was dark night outside. Not until 9 a.m. would light appear on the horizon. Every compartment door was closed and locked. At the end of the car the porter snored peacefully in his bunk. I stood in the swaying train corridor and waited for the dawn. My courage oozed. I wanted to turn and run home. At last day came. At ten the doors began to open. I wandered up and down inquiring, "Do you speak English?" or "Parlez vous Français?" At last I found a Russian who spoke French. "Is there an English-speaking person on the train?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "there are two American boys in the rear car." Joyfully I hurried back and timidly knocked on their door. In a moment a sleepy American boy had stuck his head out at me. I explained my predicament. "Don't you worry," was the cheery answer. "We'll be dressed in a minute." And presently two boys from New York City and a Serbian soldier, who spoke English fluently, were listening to my story. It was the Serbian soldier who took command. "We three are travelling together for an American firm," he said. "We have two compartments between us. There is an unoccupied berth in mine. You'd better come and travel with us." Gladly I consented, and soon my luggage was beside the Serbian's.

When I had washed we went to the dining-car. There were a few Russian women on the train, but English was Greek to them. The Y.M.C.A. men and the American correspondent had not turned up. The passengers were Russian merchants, Army officers, and soldiers. I fought hard to keep up my courage. The American boys were shy and inexperienced. Petrograd seemed a long way off. Twelve more days and nights of travel—an eternity! It was the Serbian soldier to whom I turned. He was young, only twenty-five. He had black hair and burning black eyes, a pale face, and was full of restless energy. He had been in the Serbian Army since 1912, and in the great retreat. His nerves were spent and jangling. Wounded and nerve-wracked he had been discharged. For a year he had been in America. His friends called him Nick, and I soon followed suit. Nick could speak Russian like a native. From him we learned that my adventures of the night were the subject of conversation. I did not receive much sympathy. To the Russians I seemed finicky. Life had gotten down to the elementals. There was no room for conventions. For a woman to object to sharing her compartment with a man was fussiness. The lady had better stay at home if she was so particular. I swallowed hard and tried to adjust myself to new standards. I strove to drop into the fighting-man's world of crudeness, blows, and danger. I could see that even Nick thought me sensitive. It

was a queef, rushing world into which I had come. Even that first day there were wild stories afloat. That Kerensky had fallen; that he had not fallen but was in possession of Petrograd, and fighting rebellion. Smoke and talk filled the train. Cigarette butts and ashes covered the floor. The air grew fouler and fouler. People sneezed and coughed but no one opened a window. There is a prejudice against fresh air in Siberia and Russia. Many of the car-windows are nailed down; not once during the journey was there an attempt at ventilation. At night the air grew cold and rank, in the day hot and fetid. Over and over again our lungs breathed this foulness. My throat grew sore, I began to cough. The station stops were a God-send. Flinging on our coats we marched back and forth on the platform. At each stop the entire train turned out. Every man was armed with a tea-kettle. At the stations were huge Samovars or big tanks of boiling water. The tea-kettles quickly filled, back rushed the passengers. Then from every compartment floated the odor of tea, smell of cigarettes, and the babble of voices. All day and most of the night this went on. When the evening of the first day came I was half sick and utterly weary. The Serbian soldier sensed my fatigue. An understanding light came into his eyes. He began to tell me about his mother and sister. They had been taken prisoners by the Germans. An occasional post-card at intervals of three months was his only news. His heart was torn with anxiety. "You know," he said, "a Serbian places his sister before all others, he stands by her through everything. He never marries until she marries, and he cares for her always." He showed me some presents; lovely silks from Japan which he was hoarding to take to his mother and sister on the day when he could go to them. But it was not home sickness made Nick tell me of his family. It was his way of making me one of them. When he had finished he said: "We fellows have decided to bunk in together, or rather one of us will share your state-room with the soldier, and you can have this place to yourself." A lump came up in my throat. Here was a fighting-man who had killed many still capable of infinite tenderness. What beauty there was in the world after all! It was with a very thankful heart I locked my state-room door and delighted in the blessed seclusion.

In the morning I woke with splitting head and aching throat. I could scarcely breathe. When Nick appeared I begged for air. He struggled with the window and managed to open it a little. But the respite was brief. The porter on our train was an ugly youth, a Social Democrat of the Extreme Left, a Bolshevik. To him we were all hateful capitalists and bourgeois. I knew no Russian words with which to make friends. I had not then learned to say "Tavarish" (comrade). He discovered the open window and slammed it to with a torrent of angry words. I struggled through the day. At each station we hurried to the platform to learn the news. Conflicting stories poured over the wires. Now it was that there was rioting and bloodshed in Petrograd and Moscow, that the Bolsheviks were in the ascendant. Again, that Kerensky had moved on Petrograd with an army and quelled the uprising. When the news for the Bolsheviks was bad our surly young porter grew more and more ugly. He took my drinking-glass from me, then he removed my electric light. I began to fear him and sat with my door locked. I had difficulty in keeping Nick from smashing the boy's head. But all the time our train moved steadily forward, and, to my amazement, I discovered that Siberia was beautiful. There were hills and great woods and rushing rivers. Though it was November many places were without snow. When we drew near Irkutsk there were snow covered mountains and a great lake. Siberia had much of the grandeur of Canada. But the villages were crude. The houses were chiefly log-huts. The peasant huts had but two rooms. Sometimes as many as twelve people sleep in one room, and in winter no window was ever open. The Siberian women, like the men, were strong, rough creatures. They wore rubber boots and short skirts, and had shawls tied about their heads. The younger women had the beauty of health and strength. They worked in the fields with men. Their labor was the equal of his. Sex differences were not considered. There was not a woman's question. The men and women were comrades and equals. At one station a Siberian woman boarded our train for Petrograd. She went as the representative of the women of her village. She went to demand that clothing be sent to her town in exchange for the foodstuff being sent to Petrograd. She was full of tales of her village. Two deserting soldiers had just visited her town and raped a young girl. The women had risen up in wrath and beat the men and thrust them out. It was a crude elemental world, full of hot passion, in which I was rushing.

As the days went on my cold grew worse, until finally I could only lie in my berth. Through the long weary hours Nick talked and nursed me. When my cold threatened to go on my lungs he hunted up a young Russian soldier who was a medical student. They sat beside me and discussed my needs. I began to feel quite outside myself, like a third person watching a story unfold. I saw a sick woman and a young Serbian soldier rushing on into a great maelstrom. His nerves tightened, his body strengthening at this new responsibility

that had been put upon him. A responsibility that called out gentleness and creative energy in place of the hardness and destructive forces of battle.

Heroic measures were adopted by my young doctors. It was the method of the trenches and soldiers. I was to sweat my cold out. Army coats were piled on top of me, my windows closed tight. At the stations Nick bought bottles of boiled milk. This he sternly poured down my throat. Minute by minute my discomfort increased. My body ached; sweat poured from me. But Nick relentlessly stood guard. Then he began to tell me stories—the tragedies of battle. Nearly all his friends had been killed. His best friend died before his eyes. A shell severed the head from the body. That friend's body was dear to Nick. Between the bursting bombs he crawled out to the battlefield. Tenderly he gathered up that headless form and bore it back to the trenches. It was blood from this friend's wounds that infected open cuts in Nick's hands. For weeks he tossed in high fever. But the infected hands and arms were not amputated and in time he recovered. As I listened to these tales my own suffering seemed small, the endurance of men enormous. Feebly my hand rose to my forehead in salute.

The next morning I was weak, but my cold had broken. But now the stories we heard at the stations grew alarming. It was evident a great revolution had taken place in Petrograd. Still our train rushed on. But the stops grew tense with excitement. Men huddled together and felt for their pistols. The car doors were locked. This express train, with its first-class carriages and sleeping compartments, was a sign of the plutocracy that had been. Any moment we might expect to have the windows smashed. Nick tried to keep the news from me, but the American boys came with their stories. I had ceased to be afraid. One could not think in terms of the individual. Life was moving too fast. But sick fear had crept into the hearts of the Russian merchants. They stormed and raged. One mean little Jew repudiated his country. "All Russians are cattle," he said. "They ought to be milked and then killed." Nick came to me white with rage. "That man must be beaten." I held on his hands and tried to quiet him. "Well," he fumed, "I won't hit him, but next station I'll put him out on the platform and tell the crowd what he said. They'll tear him limb from limb." "It isn't the way, Nick," I begged. "It isn't the way." Gradually his anger subsided. "You see," he said, "I'm not good. I'm a brute. I've told you I was." But in the end it was words and not blows that were used with the Russian merchant. What was said I know not, but thereafter the man walked with bowed head and cringing step.

And now the last day of the trip had come. Russian soldiers had begun to crowd on the train. They slept in the corridors or stood in passage ways. But there was no violence. At some of the stations there had been rioting. Windows had been smashed and houses burned. But no move was made against the train, and at 6 a.m. one morning we pulled quietly into Petrograd. There was a great stillness over the station. There were no hurrying porters or calling cabmen. None of the bustle of arrival. We filed silently out into the street. All was still. It was like the dead of night. A few people lurked in doorways, but the big snow-covered square was empty.

It was Nick again came to the rescue. "We had better go to the hotel across the way. People keep off the street at night." At the hotel a sleepy porter showed us to rooms. But there was no heat, no hot water for a bath, and only one electric light, and nothing to eat until 9 a.m. We sat in our big, cold rooms and looked out on the empty square. There was an ominous silence. The place was pregnant with hidden life. Shiveringly we waited for the dawn. What it would bring we knew not.

MADELEINE G. DOTY.

Letters to the Editor.

THE BOLSHEVIKI IN SIBERIA.

SIR,—Before embarking on a discussion as to Bolshevik activities in Siberia, many of us stand in much need of information as to the Bolsheviks themselves. Perhaps I have been unfortunate in missing the publication of that accurate and detailed information as to their status which is a necessary basis for any intelligent judgment on them.

The anti-Bolshevik tendency of the British Press as a whole seems based on somewhat indefinite foundations. What is the charge against them? They have made peace with the Central Powers. But there seems sufficient evidence of the inability of an exhausted Russia to do anything else. They have published the Secret Treaties and conducted their diplomacy publicly, both in a most untraditional manner, but in effect of signal service to the cause of international honesty. They have shown themselves profoundly sincere and straight-

forward in a sphere where those qualities are most needed. They have been accused of violence, but party rancour has resulted in no procession to the guillotine. They represent, it would seem, a type of Socialism too uncompromising and truculent to be agreeable to most of us. They have imitated their predecessors in confiscating the land without compensation, and have some simple formula for the factories. Is this the gravamen of the charge? Some of your readers will not care to make it the basis of so general a condemnation, even though they are not uncritical of the policy. They will look with sympathy on the Russian people working out their destiny in their own way. As democrats they will require only that the policy have the approval and support of a great majority of the Russian people. It is just here, at what appears the most important point, that information is lacking. Are the Bolsheviks a minority imposing themselves on a reluctant majority? Is it the case that the prohibited Constituent Assembly was a truly representative body elected cleanly on a broad suffrage? What claim have the Soviets now got to be representative of all but the trifling minority of the people? What constitutes a right to vote in and through the Soviets? Are the Soviet delegates, on whose support the Bolshevik Government rests, re-elected every three months? Information on such points either from you, Sir, or from "A. P. L." would, I hope, interest many more in addition to—Yours, &c.,

Glasgow. March 26th, 1918.

DOUGLAS TATLOCK.

INTERNATIONALISM, ANNEXATIONS, AND AUTONOMY.

SIR,—Does not the Internationalist, who is most loud in his denunciation of the Secret Treaties of the Allies, reveal some contradiction by thinking of "annexations"? If the Internationalist knows no frontiers, there can be no annexations. So why shudder at these so-called annexations? Let annexations in Europe be carried out to finality; let each State annex all other States and we arrive at the United States of Europe. So after a long journey the Annexationists are driven into the Internationalist's goal. But to the consternation of the Internationalist, just as his Utopia is about to enter port, as many believe, it is wrecked on the democratic, or, shall we say, anarchic, rock of "self-determination." No wonder European and British statesmen refuse to accept this new love, for in it they see the dissolution of Empires. Nevertheless, a genuine and solid, not a forced and spurious, Internationalism may yet evolve when (1) the bourgeoisie come to the conclusion that, instead of killing, it is better to preserve the geese which lay the golden eggs; and (2) when the workers have the intelligence to realize that it matters not whether they exist in London, New York, or Berlin; because they have a true community of interests.—Yours, &c.,

T. G. K.

120, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

"THE SEQUEL OF CAYEUX."

SIR,—The logic of our Government is only equalled by its humanity. They first declare prostitutes to be necessary, then legislate against them when (as is inevitable) they become diseased.

Has no one the courage to proclaim the simple prophylactic measures which are alone necessary to prevent the transmission of infection? True, the preachers against vice would have to rest their case upon moral grounds, instead of weakening its force by an easy, fallacious, and futile appeal to physical risks; but then—what is the teacher for?—Yours, &c.,

C. A. C.
(Staff-Sergeant, B.E.F.)

"THE SPIRITS."

SIR,—Your article "The Spirits" raises points of great interest. I think that mesmeric influence enters much more largely into phenomena than is generally realized; in the celebrated rope trick—so-called—of India this is paramount; also the growing in a few minutes of a mango plant from the seed. This exhibition can take place in two ways: (1) by mesmeric influence operating on observers; (2) through the influence of the "Shula Mādan" or spirits of the elemental world. Regarding the last, Prof. Wentz has written much concerning a class found everywhere in folk-lore. Further, the tying of knots on endless cords observed by Zollner and others—things which ordinary human agency cannot accomplish; levitations as known in the East, and done here by the medium Hone and others; neutralizing fire phenomena, known East and West. These facts enormously increase the field of inquiry without trenching at all on the realm of subjective phenomena. In the last we have much more to consider than the influence of the dead upon the living, and should deal first of all with the real inner constitution of man, living and dead. In cases of "possession," the theory of subconscious mentation does not account for many instances; and, according to a high authority, the Chinese have been acquainted for ages with the phenomena of "possession," in

which the dead have no part, as the entranced medium is subject to the control of beings of quite another order. As you say, it may be true that the plausibility of spiritualism is due to "the abuse of certain psychical truths," but I should object to the universal application of the statement "the laws of which are not yet understood. These phenomena and their causes are very well understood by a few only.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT ARNOLD.

46, Middleton Square, E.C.
March 24th, 1918.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

SIR,—The opener of this "discussion" very properly referred the clergy to the Sermon on the Mount, but I doubt if he quite realized what he was doing. Would it not be well then to bring into this correspondence a reminder of what Jesus said in that sermon? It will startle some of us because we are so used to the words but not at all familiar with the sense.

Jesus says that if we would understand the love of God and man we must first obey five rules. The first rule is, not to be angry. (The words "without a cause" are not in any of the original texts.) The second rule is not to be impure, and that if we marry at all we must be faithful to the marriage under all circumstances. The third rule is not to promise ourselves to men because we are God's and must be free to do what is required by God. The fourth and fifth rules express the law, resist not evil, do not go to law or to war, because evil is not cast out by evil but by good only. If we consider how the clergy have treated these rules on obedience to which understanding depends, we shall see why it is that, according to Jesus, they cannot be otherwise than spiritually blind.

The first rule, not to be angry, is turned by the clergy into nonsense when they add the words "without a cause." An angry man casts aside his understanding and will, of course, justify his anger.

The second rule is the subject of a tricky mistranslation (see Tolstoy's "Translation and Harmonization of the Gospels"). We are particularly told not to divorce a wife lest we cause her to sin, yet the words of Jesus are made to have a quite different meaning and it is made to appear that man and woman are not treated equally.

The third rule is of the deepest importance, designed as it is so that the control of man's actions shall be with God and not with man or any State organization. Yet the clergy, who openly break the rule, try to make us think that Jesus wasted his precious words in trifles and told us not to say "damn."

The fourth and fifth rules are so openly set at naught by the clergy both in word and deed, that it is not necessary to discuss what they say about them.

A fuller discussion of these matters, together with other orthodox misunderstandings of Jesus, may be found in the book of Tolstoy's to which I have referred.

If religious truth is fundamental, as, of course, it must be, then falsehood in religion is the root of all our troubles and the sooner we look to this the better.—Yours, &c.,

A. A. VOYSEY.

Fontwell, Arundel. March 31st, 1918.

AN AFTER-WAR THEATRE.

SIR,—I have followed with great interest the articles and correspondents' letters in THE NATION regarding an "After the War Theatre." Though recent issues contain no further reference to the subject the last word has not by any means been written, and I should like to take the examination of "ways and means" a stage further.

It would seem necessary first to emphasize, for the benefit of Mr. Robb Lawson, that the difficulties to be overcome by those concerned for the reform of the theatre in England are too great to be approached in any unhelpful, even flippant, manner. The reply to Mr. Lawson's question is surely: "If Mr. Barker's scheme is so 'workable' how is it that that very able man of the theatre never succeeded in realizing it?" What is wrong with that scheme is that it was proposed to found outright a theatre organized on as complete and elaborate a scale as any of the larger Continental endowed theatres—ignoring the fundamental difference in the circumstances. In France, Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, now large masses of the people demand a worthy drama. In England the taste is still hardly evident, and our task is to cultivate that taste in face of the steady undermining of the theatre-going public by the fare they are at present offered. The problem is, therefore, to secure financial freedom to enable us to work steadily along for some years unhampered by "box-office censorship."

In the articles by "B," and in the valuable letter from Messrs. Ould, Scott, and Shipp, this is taken as axiomatic, but both fall foul of the proposal for a municipal subsidy. I would suggest, however, that it is not in the municipal subsidy, as such, that the danger lies to the free growth of the drama—we have only to look at the virile and healthy state of the municipally-endowed theatre on the Continent—but in the Philistinism of the municipal councillor "working under British traditions" as "B" puts it. Does not, then, the same danger lie in any subsidy—even in that of a wealthy enthusiast whose

judgment may be limited by the same traditions. I have for some time been working, with others, on a scheme for a "People's Theatre," in which we are assured of the support of large sections of the Labor movement, amounting virtually to a Labor subsidy, but I fear that even such a subsidy might be as "dangerous" as any other to "wild, free growth, for, unfortunately, organized Labor here has not shown itself any less Philistine in its attitude to Art than has any other grouping of the British public."

My own feeling is in favor of some combination of the idea of co-operative organization of the producing and acting group with the idea of municipal subsidy. For "practical scheme" I would offer the following suggestion:

As soon as practicable there should be organized a conference of those who have this matter most at heart, lasting (say) a week, when the various proposals could be brought to the test of careful examination and informed criticism. An agreed scheme for the co-operative working of a theatre having been arrived at, a delegation should then be sent to the London County Council to lay the proposal before them and ask for the provision of a building with its "upkeep" and electric current. It should be a condition that it is not open to the Council, by virtue of this limited subsidy, to dictate the policy of the theatre, nor even to interfere except in the extreme and unlikely contingency of public indignation being excited. As in many of the Continental municipal theatres, a "director" might be appointed and "held responsible" for the policy of the theatre. Through him the public would in the usual manner influence that policy, and in such an event as I have referred to, his resignation, implying censure of the theatre, might be called for.

One other point I would make. Unfortunately, even some of those who strive for theatre reform are "led astray" by the lure of personal gain, whether of money or "fame," and I am inclined seriously to suggest that a "test of membership" of the staff of this co-operatively-worked theatre should be willingness to work, at least during the first few years, for a "bare living wage without sliding scale" of (say) £4 per week. This would mean that the receipts from the audiences—doubtless comparatively small at first—would meet all charges, including salaries, not provided for by the endowment.

Your correspondents, Messrs. Ould, Scott, Shipp, will see that this proposal includes the possibility of every activity indicated in the last paragraph of their letter and many others over which I also have long "dreamed."—Yours, &c.,

NORMAN A. MACDERMOTT.

86, Princes Road, Liverpool.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA.

SIR,—It is a great pleasure to see your paper once more. We have had to be content with such news as local papers give, or the "Times Weekly" chooses to print, and our minds have been starved in consequence.

China is once again in the midst of civil war, and we have felt its influence. For a month fighting has been going on within four miles of us between the armies of the North and the South. Early in December the Northern army fled, and the district has been in the hands of the Southerners since then. The Southern army is now marching northwards and has already captured half of the province of Szechwan.

These events may not have much bearing on the catastrophe which has involved Europe in ruin, but it has economic consequences which may be serious.

Hope has been expressed that agricultural China would do something to make up for the world shortage of food and other commodities, and there was reason for this hope. Wheat had been sown in larger quantities than before in the hope of a good crop in May. This hope will not now be realized, for most of the young wheat has been devoured by the horses of the Southern army.

It is too late to sow again, for the wheat would hardly be ripe before the rainy season, so almost the whole spring wheat harvest will be missing.

The region around Chungking has been becoming rapidly more populous of recent years, and nearly all land, except graves, up to about 1,200 feet, and much above this level, has come under cultivation to supply the needs of the community, and the introduction of hundreds of horses has disastrous consequences. Grass-land is scarce, only sufficient to feed the few buffaloes upon which the farmers depend for ploughing their rice-fields. The Southern army has made no provision for the feeding of their horses, and when they have cropped the grass-land close they are turned loose among the young wheat and spring vegetables. The land through which this army has gone is damaged as if by a swarm of locusts.

There is quite a probability that some of the buffaloes may have to be slaughtered owing to the shortage of grass and hay, which has all been commandeered by the army, and this would have disastrous effects on the rice harvest, for very few fields would be able to be prepared for rice.

Hence the expected increase of food-stuffs seems likely to be turned into a decrease.

Further hardships have been caused by the stoppage of communications. Salt and sugar have both risen in price. The former used to sell for 80 cash a chin (about 14d. for 1½ lbs.), but the price rose in two days to 280 cash, a price prohibitive for the poor, and sugar increased in price in about the same proportion. Both these commodities come to us by river, salt from two regions, one about 100 miles to

the north-west, and the other 150 miles to the north, but since the armies of the South are marching along both rivers no boats have been able to come.

It is a matter of congratulation that the indigo crop, which has been several times as large as in recent years, owing to the shortage of aniline dyes, was cut before fighting broke out, for otherwise this would have been entirely spoilt by the horses' feet.

A few months ago, when the Northern Government declared war on Germany, a German doctor was allowed to remain in Chungking, and he now finds himself able to fly his flag, for the Southern Government has not yet taken the step of breaking off relations.

In the fighting both sides used German ammunition, the Northerners being supplied with cartridges sent out from German factories as far back as 1874, while the Southerners used some of the more recent make. The earlier ones were soft-nosed bullets.

Here is a specimen of the kind of label to be picked up by dozens on the battlefield:—

20 SCHARFE PATRONEN M/71

Angefertigt im Nvbr 1874

im Artillerie-depot zu COBLENZ

Hülfen

Zündhütchen D C 74

On the whole very little material damage was done, the bullets being fired off largely at random, and a place that was under brisk shell-fire for some hours was afterwards found to be very little the worse. The big guns used are of a very old pattern, and their chief use is evidently not to kill men but to frighten them away. If the war in Europe were carried on in the same way as this, we should not have to mourn so many lives untimely ended.—Yours, &c.,

"GUTHLAC."

Chungking, West China.

January 15th, 1918.

Poetry.

TWO POEMS.

WHEN LEAVES BEGIN.

WHEN leaves begin to show their heads,
Before they reach their curly youth;
And birds in streams are coming north,
With seas of music from the south;

Then—like a snail with horns outstretched—
My senses feel the air around;
There's not a move escapes my eyes,
My ears are cocked to every sound.

Till Nature to her greenest comes,
And—with her may that blossoms white—
Bursts her full bodice, and reveals
Her fair white body in the light.

THE TRUTH.

SINCE I have seen a bird one day,
His head pecked more than half away;
That hopped about, with but one eye,
Ready to fight again, and die—
Ofttimes since then their private lives
Have spoilt that joy their music gives.

So when I see this robin now,
Like a red apple on the bough,
And question why he sings so strong,
For love, or for the love of song;
Or sings, maybe, for that sweet rill
Whose silver tongue is never still—

Ah, now there comes this thought unkind,
Born of the knowledge in my mind:
He sings in triumph that last night
He killed his father in a fight;
And now he'll take his mother's blood—
The last strong rival for his food.

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Poems." With Fables in Prose. 2 Vols. By Herbert Trench. (Constable. 10s. net.)
 "Memoirs of William Hickey." Second Volume (1775-1782). (Hurst & Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Materials for the Study of the Bábí Religion. By E. G. Browne. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "The Popes and their Church." By Joseph McCabe. (Watts. 6s. net.)
 "Married Love." A New Contribution to the Solution of Sex Difficulties. By Dr. Marie Stopes. (Fifield. 5s. net.)
 "Robert Shenstone." A Novel. By W. J. Dawson. (Lane. 6s.)
 "Mashi," and other Stories. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

* * *

SOME weeks ago there appeared in this paper a couple of very suggestive articles on the future of the drama. Well, and what about the future of literature? What will the world of books be like twenty years hence—a swamp exhaling pestilential gases or a place of pastures and daylight?

"So guide us through this Darkness, that we may
Be more and more in love with day."

Now playing the Cassandra can be as idle as wagging the Nestorian beard over the past. But living as we are to-day in a state of paroxysm, it is reasonable to conjecture that the fit will leave us in a coma, which is the reception-room of death, or that we shall get better. If, on the one hand, that is to say, we settle down to a quiet life of bureaus and barracks, with its monotony compensated by an atmosphere of wolfishness in human relations, then letters must in the end follow suit by being dull, flamboyant, and savage.

* * *

THEY will, in short, be nothing more nor less than the flattery of absolutism. And flattery, being the most complex and fanciful of the arts, will be Protean in its expression. Megalomania coupled with stirring abstractions will be one form. Not that literature will claim any spiritual prestige for itself and for the *people* and the *things* of life that make up its beauty. Oh, no! a grey fatalistic rage of disinterestedness will inform it, by which "the holy spirit of Man" will be conjured to sacrifice itself to a still holier conception, the Sabbath, true a secular, an earthy, or rather a steely kind of Sabbath, but none the worse for that, since it will be for all the days of the week instead of one of them. Words, too, ceasing to have any connection with the personal and the concrete, will all become frock-coated Magnificos; they will always be officiating in state at some ceremony or other. Any poor word found in carpet-slippers will be guilty of *lèse-majesté* to the State. Undoubtedly, too, there would be a great revival in religious literature, part metaphysical, part practical. Mysticism would be one of its special lines, and our children will be told that "the *pâté-de-foie gras* of Soul-Insubstantiality is not readily digestible. But add thereunto the Cerebos of Eternity and the Divine Collation will be absorbed into the very vital essences." But religious literature will be by no means confined to mysticism. It will expand into the roundest syllables, the most solemn accents of Praise—"Render unto the Cæsar-God the things that are the Cæsar-God's and unto the God-Cæsar the things that are the God-Cæsar's." The derivation of cant, I imagine, is "canto"—a chant or hymn of praise to creation. So that the old canticle (with, of course, a gloss upon the two proper nouns) may come in handy: "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises."

* * *

THE picturesque too—just the picturesque and no more, for Truth, as everybody knows, lives at the

bottom of a well, and in wars the wells are always poisoned—ought to have a glittering time. "The Devil," says Butler, "when he dresses himself in angel's clothes can only be detected by experts of exceptional skill, and so often does he adopt this disguise that it is hardly safe to be seen talking to an angel at all." I am in two minds about "realism." People in the old days used to enjoy a writer taking a given slice of a slum or the City or Wimpole Street and copying it out to the uttermost paving-stone. Or the annalist of youth who took his hero from cradlehood to Westborough School, then to Magdiol College in the University of Oxbridge, then to the West End to pilot a poor derelict from the underworld, and then to press. There is no accounting for tastes, but I have my doubts whether they will take to the exact naked lineaments of the new theocracy. At any rate, the theocracy will not. It will assure its clergy that red paint is more becoming. Meanwhile literature will be like the child recorded in Pliny's Natural History "which, as soon as it was come forth of the mother's wombe, presently returned into it againe."

* * *

BUT if the three F's—freedom, faith, and fellowship return—if in the words of the old song, "my own sweet heart, come home again," what then? If God (I mean the one with a capital "g"):

"Settle and fix our hearts that we may move
In order, peace and love,
And, taught obedience by Thy whole creation,
Become an humble, holy nation,"

what may we postulate of literature? One is inclined to say that it will live and there leave it content. But I have to go on to the end of the column. In the first place, then, it will probably become less egoistic and more communal. Just as in painting, the "exhibition" picture in the gilt frame would be superseded by the picture either painted straight on to the wall-space or adapted to the harmonious entity of the "domestic interior," or, in other words, to the daily need and pleasure of the people who live in it, so literature is likely in the end to become the passionate expression of men and women's wonder, excitement, and satisfaction in the miracle of daily life, life shared and life experienced. The literature of idleness, of academic deportment, of longing, of despair, of other-worldliness, of the grotesque, of weariness, of make-believe, of rebellion, and so on—all sublime or elegant or fanciful or of good report in their several fashions, for literature covers a multitude of sins and virtues—will incline more or less to give way to one of "wholesomeness," by which I mean usefulness for the purposes of life, and a sense, on the one hand, of the concrete as the clothing of the abstract, and on the other of the universal in the individual and the personal in the community. It will come back, that is to say, to the grand and solemn ideal of *people* and *things*.

* * *

SECONDLY, it will become traditional. Sainte-Beuve wrote of Molière: "Molière, le plus créateur et le plus inventif des génies, est celui peut être qui a le plus imité, et de partout." Literature, that is to say, is never parthenogenic, and even Bunyan had the Bible as a model. And models are particularly indispensable to an art which is "turning over a new leaf." That the leaf is part of the book is a commonplace of literary history: "The bees do heere and there sucke this and cull that flower," wrote Montaigne, "but afterwards they produce the honey, which is peculiarly their owne, then is it no more Thyme or Marjoram." Thirdly, I imagine that it would be, in the widest and most Catholic sense, a literature of order. "Not he who demands rights, but he who abjures them is an anarchist," said Horne Tooke in a flash of inspiration. Chaos is the other pole to order and the deformed to form, and it is to a wise and proportioned order and a creative form that a free literature, the voice of a free people, will look.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

FROM A WESTERN STUDY WINDOW.

"A World in Ferment." By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University. (New York: Scribner.)

THIS is a book of good faith and reality; the work of an honest, sober, somewhat matter-of-fact and by no means an Emersonian thinker, who being an American at all points can hardly help being, as he avows himself, "an unconquerable optimist"; so it is not surprising to find the whole book animated by the spirit of the dedication, which runs as follows:—

"To those men and women of whatever land who prize individual liberty, who distinguish true democracy from false, and who wish to live in a world which is at peace because it is both free and just."

Dr. Butler is, as his President once was, a man who dwells "inter sylvas Academi"; but in the States they wear their dons with a difference, and the American Don, when he gets and cares to take his chance, is by training, reading, and bent of intellect at least as well qualified as anyone else to assume the burden of public life. And, indeed, even over here, it is worth noticing that amidst the horde of "extra-Parliamentary" personages, who sit, when they do sit, huddled together on the Front Bench, numbering amongst them, as they do, men of business who have proved their capacity by making money; officials, who once drew large salaries willingly paid to them by great companies for their skill in keeping working-people in their proper places; Labor leaders, deeply versed in the secrets of a Trades-Unionism already half-obsolete, and gifted with that easy flow of undistinguished words picked up in their days of early piety at the prayer meeting—amongst all these extraneous persons the only marked success has been that of one who wears the image and bears the superscription of an Oxford Don.

To the English reader the fascination of this book, which is made up of a series of short addresses to audiences chiefly academic, delivered between September, 1914, and June, 1917 (the entry of America into the war being April 6th, 1917), comes from the fact that its author is, as indeed I have already said, an American at all points:—

"It was my lot," he observes, "to be born after the Civil War had begun, and for me the name, the face, and the repute of Abraham Lincoln belong, not to memory but to imagination. Yet I was brought up under the very shadow of his name, of his fame, and of his work."

Dr. Butler's "Select Charters" are "the compact of the Pilgrim Fathers on the 'Mayflower,' the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Gettysburg Address, and Lincoln's Second Inaugural." In another place he says: "What a day it will be, my fellow-Americans, when we can take our Washington, our Jefferson, our Hamilton, our Marshall, our Webster, and our Lincoln out of the restricted class of merely American figures and American heroes, and give them to the world." Nurtured on these documents, and inspired by the melody of these names, the President of Columbia University, within sight of the Statue of Liberty, looks out from his college windows upon a world in ferment; and asks the momentous question: What do we want America to be?

"Shall it be only a nation absorbed in daily toil, in accumulation, in individual satisfaction, or shall it mean a nation so intelligent as to its purposes, so secure in its grasp upon its ideals and so devoted to them that it will not rest until it has carried all round the world an American message that will raise and help and succor the stricken and conflicting family of peoples?"

The horrors of the President's outlook were revealed to him plainly from the first. In 1914 his university was looking forward to receive a visit from the scholars of the universities in France, Germany, and Great Britain; to interchange ideas about texts, foods, and scientific research, and to lay the keels of many a friendship and future delightful intercourse in beautiful and famous places of learning in the Old World. The guests never arrived, being otherwise occupied, killing and being killed across the seas.

"Friends and colleagues whom we honor are filled with hate towards each other. The words that oftenest come to our lips, the ideals that we cherish and pursue, the pro-

gress that we fancied we were making, seem not to exist. Mankind is back in the primeval forest, with the elemental brute passions finding a truly fiendish expression. The only apparent use of science is to kill men more quickly, and in greater numbers. The only apparent service of philosophy is to make the worse appear the better reason. The only apparent evidence of the existence of religion is the fact that divergent and impious appeals to a palpably pagan God have led him in perplexed distress to turn over the affairs of Europe to an active and singularly accomplished devil."

And who, one might wonder if we did not know, are these creatures thus agreeably employed? "They are," says the President of Columbia, "the best-trained and most highly educated peoples in the world. They have had every advantage that schools and universities can offer, and they have been associated for generations with literature and science and art, and everything that is fine and splendid in what we call civilization."

This doctor, at all events, has no delusions—he does not believe that men can be made clean by soap and water, or sensible by grammar, rhetoric, or logic, even with a "modern side" thrown in, as a concession to parents who want their children to have an up-to-date education so as to be able to make a little money before they die.

Dr. Butler is, I need not say, a whole-hearted supporter of the American Alliance:—

"The contest is not between savage and barbarous and untutored and backward peoples. It is not a strong barbarian who is emerging from the jungle to extend his reach over the less powerful. This war is a clash between ideals, and takes rank with the most magnificent events in history; and I use the word magnificent in its literal sense of great-making."

I will add, as nearly as possible in Dr. Butler's own words, which at times glow with "an unconquerable optimism" I find it easier to love than to share, half-a-dozen of his *Sententiae*, which may serve us, in default of any Thomas Fuller of our own, for "Good Thoughts in Bad Times":—

(1) A final end has now been put to the contention that huge armaments are themselves an insurance against war and an aid in maintaining peace.

(2) Another great gain is to be found in the fact that no one is willing to be responsible for this war.

(3) The whole card-house of alliances and ententes, together with the balance of power theory, has come tumbling heavily to the ground. In the Europe of to-morrow there will be no place for secret treaties and understandings. (Mr. Balfour, please copy.)

(4) *The last words of M. Jaurès to Dr. Butler:* "I think that through the agency of the United States it may eventually be practicable to draw Germany and France together in trust and friendship. Do not leave off trying. No matter what the difficulties are, do not leave off trying."

(5) Federation has in it the seeds of the world's next great development, and we Americans are in a position both to expound the theory and to illustrate the practice.

(6) It is not races, but wrong ideas that are dangerous.

I will be a little better than my word, and add a seventh sentence:—

(7) If men and nations are engaged in a blind struggle for material gain, for conquest, for revenge, or for future privileges, then what is going on is in high degree a manifestation of bestiality in man. If, on the other hand, the struggle be one for the establishment on the largest possible scale, in the securest possible way, of those institutions and opportunities which make men free, then the contest rises to the sublime.

In an hour of testing trial we may indeed be thankful to possess across the wide Atlantic such leaders of men as the two American Doctors—Wilson and Butler.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

TWO OF OUR SOVEREIGNS.

"Women and the Sovereign State." By A. MAUDE ROYDEN. (Headley. 2s. net.)

"The State and the Child." By W. CLARKE HALL. (Headley. 2s. net.)

RATHER curiously Miss Royden pays lip service to the conventional conception of the sovereign state while her heart is far from it, for in practice she seems to share Mr. G. D. H.

WELL-KNOWN M.P. ON "PELMANISM."

81 Admirals and Generals now Enrolled.

75 ENROLMENTS IN ONE FIRM!

"PELMANISM" continues its extraordinary progress amongst all classes and sections of the community.

To the many notable endorsements of the System which have been already published there is now added an important pronouncement by a well-known M.P.—Sir James Yoxall, whose eminence, both as an educationist and as a Parliamentarian, gives an additional weight to his carefully considered opinion.

"The more I think about it," says Sir James Yoxall, "the more I feel that Pelmanism is the name of something much required by myriads of people to-day."

He adds: "I suspected Pelmanism; when it began to be heard of I thought it was quackery. Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first."

This is very plain speaking; but plain speech is the keynote of the entire article. Thus one of the greatest national authorities upon the subject of education adds his valuable and independent testimony to that of the many distinguished men and women who have expressed their enthusiasm for the new movement.

81 Admirals and Generals are now Pelmanists, and over 20,000 of all ranks of the Navy and Army. The legal and medical professions are also displaying a quickened interest in the System—indeed, every professional class and every grade of business men and women are enrolling in increasingly large numbers.

Several prominent firms have paid for the enrolment of eight, ten, or a dozen members of their staffs, and one well-known house has just arranged for the enrolment of 75 of the staff.

With such facts before him, every reader of THE NATION should write to the address given below for a copy (*gratis and post free*) of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained, together with a special supplement dealing with "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor," and a full reprint of "Truth's" remarkable Report on the work of the Pelman Institute.

A DOCTOR'S REMARKABLE ADMISSION. Fascination of the "Little Grey Books."

Within the past few weeks several M.P.'s, many members of the aristocracy, and two Royal personages, as well as a very large number of officers in H.M. Navy and Army, have added their names to the Pelman registers.

One of the most interesting letters received lately comes from a lady in the Midlands. Being 55 years of age and being very delicate, she had her doubts as to whether she should take a Pelman Course. She consulted her son, a medical practitioner, who at first laughed at the idea, but promised to make inquiries. The outcome was a letter in which the Doctor wrote:—

"'Pelmanism' has got hold of me. I have worked through the first lesson and . . . I am enthusiastic."

His experience tallies exactly with that of Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims, and a host of other professional men (doctors, solicitors, barristers, etc.), who have admitted that their initial scepticism was quickly changed into enthusiasm.

"TRUTH'S" DICTUM.

"Truth" puts the whole matter in a nutshell in its famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute—

"The Pelman Course is . . . valuable to the well-educated, and still more valuable to the half-educated or the superficially educated. One might go much farther and declare that the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance, for there are few people indeed who would not find themselves mentally stronger, more efficient, and better equipped for the battle of life by a course of Pelman training."

EASILY FOLLOWED BY POST.

"Pelmanism" is not an occult science; it is free from mysticism; it is as sound, as sober, and as practical as the most hard-headed "common-sense" business man could desire. And as to its results, they follow with the same certainty with which muscular development follows physical exercise.

It is nowhere pretended, and the inquirer is nowhere led to suppose, that the promised benefits are gained "magically," by learning certain formulæ, or by the cursory reading of a printed book. The position is precisely the same, again, as with physical culture. No sane person expects to develop muscle by reading a book; he knows he must practise the physical exercises. Similarly the Pelmanist knows he must practise mental exercise.

"THE FINEST MENTAL RECREATION."

"Exercises," in some ears, sounds tedious; but every Pelmanist will bear out the statement that there is nothing tedious or exacting about the Pelman exercises. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that an overwhelming proportion of Pelmanists describe the exercises as "fascinating," "delightful," "the finest mental recreation I have known."

There are thousands of people of all classes who would instantly enrol for a Pelman Course at any cost if they only realised a tithe of the benefits accruing. Here, again, a Pelmanist may be cited in evidence: "If people only knew," he says, "the doors of the Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

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Cole's belief in a divided sovereignty. Unconsciously she perceives that our ancient theory of a supreme State control is but our clumsy way of saying that everybody's interests are social, that it is impossible to place any class in circumstances in which its physical and mental condition will not affect the physical and mental condition of all other classes, and that a healthy civilization is an advance towards a general understanding of the essential unity of all people and all peoples. Our talk of the sovereign state is pigeon English for a co-ordinating sympathy, an indivisible community of interests. It is natural but erroneous to confuse this with government. Sovereignty, on the other hand, is easily divisible in each state or in a world state between different powers. In Germany, for example, it is divided between the military caste, the Junkers, the great merchants, and public opinion; and though the military caste is enormously more powerful than the opinion of the masses, it is precisely in those cases where the military will cannot override the popular will that the latter is sovereign. In America there is the sovereignty of the Federal Government and the sovereignty of the various States and the sovereignty of the Trusts. In Great Britain the trade unions have already a sphere of state sovereignty (though it is not so wide as the sphere the National Guildsmen desire for them). Lord Northcliffe has another, the great ship-owning firms have a third, and there may even be a division in which the supreme rule is that of the Christadelphian Conscientious Objectors.

It is, indeed, difficult for the most modest or uneducated of human beings to be alive in the most autocratic of States without being burdened with some share of sovereignty, though he may have no rights of citizenship. In each sphere the sovereign is independent of the political government of his country. The modern student of political science finds himself groping for centralization among a bewildering medley of sovereignties. He begins to discover that every State is a confederacy of autonomous powers, which may find a meeting-ground for their leaders but neither a sovereign nor adequately a co-ordinating power in Parliament or Congress. Clearly it is not true to say, as he has been taught, that in England Parliament is sovereign. Whether it might become so is another question. At present it is evident that in certain spheres it is subject to Lord Northcliffe, to great advertisers, to the Pillar-of-Fire Christians, to the interjected will of France or America. Similarly, the whole of Miss Royden's book proves that it is true in fact as well as in chivalry that even in times and countries in which women have been apparently of no political importance they have had a sovereign share in the shaping of the State. At the least their prejudices have formed mob prejudices, for in the sovereignty of public opinion they have always had the weightier share. Women have not been the less citizens because their citizenship has not been acknowledged. Every inhabitant of a country, whether woman or enemy alien, becomes, so soon as her or his interests are inextricably interwoven with those of the other inhabitants of that country, *de facto* one of its citizens, whatever *de jure*. With rare exceptions it is true that each is a good or bad citizen according to the way in which she or he is treated by the public opinion of the country. Women, as Miss Royden points out, have on the whole been bad citizens because public opinion has made them so. And their bad citizenship has corrupted the acknowledged citizens. "It begins to be realized that humanity is much more *solidaire* than was supposed. As the general honesty of a woman is corrupted by her obligatory dishonesty in one department of thought, so the dishonesty of women destroys by contagion the honesty of men." In an occasionally too ingenious, but on the whole sound argument, Miss Royden suggests that the false moral code which women have been compelled to accept is at the root of the commercial and political immorality of men. We would suggest that there is an element of truth in the old doctrine of original sin, and that it applies to men and women alike. But it is undoubtedly true that the artificial and enforced morality of women, a morality which has been "a superstitious veneration for a physical condition, altogether apart from the spirit, does not make for general purity and nobility of life" either among women or among men.

There is, of course, no originality in the view that the legal subjection of women has retarded the moral development of humanity. But we know no feminist writer who has

described quite so clearly and attractively as Miss Royden the part played by women in their state of unacknowledged sovereignty. This is the more remarkable because it is evident that Miss Royden is not herself certain what is the main purpose of her book. Perhaps because they are written in haste, her books have often the air of being interviews granted to a reporter by a busy politician rather than writings conscientiously planned and thoughtfully constructed. There is a rich, impulsive *largesse* of irrelevant opinions. There is an incoherence of argument. Yet "Women and the Sovereign State" is a big advance on Miss Royden's contributions to "The Making of Women" both in tone and in style. Here, as in the earlier work, there are occasional grammatical lapses. We conclude that the reference to "the history of fifty-four families of which the father was suffering from" certain diseases is not meant to imply that bigamists in Britain are taking an ell where soft-hearted judges have given them an inch. But Miss Royden decidedly is learning that prose-writing is a more difficult art than speech-making and a quite different one. It seems a pity, therefore, that she has not realized that manner is formed by matter, and that a book ambles when it has not a sinewy argument in the saddle. She should have seen that her reverence at the beginning and end of the book for the Aristotelian theory that the State exists to promote "the good life" does not fit in with her more liberal though merely implied assumption in the other chapters that the State is but the commonwealth sense of unity in a self-defined community, that it may or may not be co-existent with a communal desire for "the good life," that a central political rule does not necessarily or often assist that desire, and that in spite of the State there may be self-governing bodies inside the community who are ignored by the State sense of their fellows. The chief merit of the book is that Miss Royden has clearly seen that the attempt of the ruling class in all countries to perform the drama of national life with a small star caste has never quite drowned the sounds of unacknowledged citizens "off," where more than half the action in all periods has taken place.

While the uncrowned queen has only recently been proclaimed, the sovereignty of posterity has been to some extent admitted in practice ever since trees were first planted for its sake. The actions and aspirations of each generation are controlled in varying degrees by the needs of at least two generations ahead; the most selfish of us are subject in law and in custom to the community's children. But posterity's sphere of sovereignty is being rapidly enlarged by the growth of the social sense. Children are making larger and larger demands upon us all. Mr. Clarke Hall shows how one class of children entirely dependent on communal care or autocratically sovereign—one can put it either way—are benefiting by the heightened consciousness of communal responsibility. As any student of history might expect, crime in young people who are not physically degenerate is usually a symptom of intellectual ability and potential social usefulness. The young delinquent is trying to escape from deadening surroundings, and when he is removed to a congenial home like the Little Commonwealth or the best type of industrial school he rapidly becomes a most promising citizen. Mr. Clarke Hall, who is a stipendiary magistrate of the Old Street Children's Court, writes so delightfully and sympathetically about those charged before him that his book must on no account be allowed to get into the hands of anyone under the age of sixteen. A youthful reader would certainly commit a crime to enjoy the pleasure of his friendship. His proposal that all illegitimate children should be made wards of the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction is excellent. This arrangement would involve some hardships, but would save large numbers of such children from crime and the worst extremes of poverty.

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tude for our old literature, for instance, is such as to cause us a duality of feeling, a reproach both to ourselves and our mentors—both just. Critical books, unless they are of topical interest or are of the nature of rather ephemeral "studies," have become rare in England. Works of enlightened scholarship, struggle, like Christian with his burden, under a mountain of financial stress into the light of publicity; the Shakespeare Head Press, to whom we owe such fine editions, such easy, cultivated, and accurate research, so much brilliant literary discovery, cannot earn a minimum wage; the British Museum—but let us only register a memorial curse that our Aspasia was so much as threatened to be thrown to the Vandals. And yet, though America teems with theses, though she is choked with the very crumbs of learning, it is so inferior to the standard of our own that it is almost a parody of it. Modern English scholarship at its best ("Shakespeare's England" and Mr. Pollard's knock-out blow to Shakespeare's previous textual theorists are examples during the war) is universal; modern American, inclined to parade its learning rather than assimilate it, more rarely escapes from the parochial.

It is therefore with the feelings of Columbus that we scan the remarks of the Professor of Romance Languages at Harvard about Dante's ladies. The book has its faults: it has very little humor in a subject delicately provoking to it; it uses words (such as "implausibility") dear to no hearts outside the New World; its expression is amply professorial, and it quotes from Longfellow's version of the Divine Comedy. But it is blessedly without that omnivorous Imperialism in annexing facts as remote as Cathay from the relevant subject-matter; it is judicious, unified, sensible, and takes no relish in flinging dust-storms of *minutiae* into our eyes.

Professor Grandgent's lectures are concerned only with the "Banquet" and the "Vita Nuova," and he enlists his chapters under the ensigns of the ladies who appear in them—Violetta, Matelda, Pietra, Beatrice, and Lisetta. The whole point of the "Vita Nuova" is that, while the lyrics were written in the poet's first youth and early manhood (discontinuously from the ages of seventeen to twenty-eight), the exquisite prose commentary was composed some years later and then deliberately applied to the lyrics, so as to fashion a uniform, consecutive, spiritual autobiography. The question is—were these ladies a flesh-and-blood reality, who by their actual contact with the poet's life were the inspiration of his poetic experience? Or were they merely allegorized abstractions? Professor Grandgent might have reminded us that the problem, but for the greater refinement, the loftier purposes, and the more baffling wariness of Dante, is almost identical with that of the mistress of Shakespeare's Sonnets, three centuries later. Dante obtained the rudiments of his technical plan of the "Vita Nuova" from the Provençal poets, just as he adopted many of their metrical schemes (the *sestina*, with all its frigid elaboration, from Arnaut Daniel, for instance); Montemayor's Diana in Spain and Sidney's Arcadia employ something of the same device of the combination of lyric with prose setting. Is our Beatrice, then, to be spirited away from us, even as Sir Sidney Lee tried to abstract "Delia" from her Daniel, "Stella" from her Sidney, "Idea" from her Drayton, and the "Dark Lady" from her Shakespeare? Is that picture of Beatrice meeting Dante, hung in the "sitters" of all undergraduates, just a phantom of polite invention?

The answer is furnished, not by historical conjecture (of which the evidences are so scanty as to be practically worthless), but by Dante's own methods of workmanship. His use of allegory, for one thing, is the direct opposite of Bunyan's. Bunyan works from the abstract to the concrete, Dante from the concrete to the abstract. Bunyan descends the ladder of heaven, Dante climbs up it from earth. Thus the former has his Giant Despair, his Messrs. Ready-To-Halt and Facing-Both-Ways; the more refined Dante symbolizes actual or mythical personages—St. Bernard, representing intuition; Cato, free will; Virgil, reason; Cerberus, with his three mouths, gluttony; Beatrice, heavenly beatitude; and so on. The "gentle ladies," too, have their significations, distinguished apart from that of the Blessed Damozel. The difficulty is that they are by no means clear. Matelda, who appears again in the Earthly Paradise resting upon the summit of the Mount of Purgatory, is apparently the symbol of the fresh, girlish, blameless existence here below, thus

sharply differentiated from Beatrice, the pattern and exemplar of transcendental perfection. On the other hand, both Pietra (i.e., "stone") and Lisetta appear to simulate the Lady Philosophy, a number of sonnets and odes, by the reiterated and metaphorical use of the word "stone," expounding the inflexibility of the study and the travail and disappointments attending its pursuit. The business of interpreting these obscure symbols is the more involved because of Dante's favorite method of mingling allegory and symbolism—a conjunction which is at times extraordinarily subtle and of the most profound beauty; at others, academic to a degree of pedantry, of which the Middle Ages were such masters.

But it is the bibliography of the "Vita Nuova" which comes to the rescue. A literal reading of the lyrics disentangled from the accompanying prose really brings Violetta, Pietra, and Lisetta to their material senses. Lisetta, for instance, whom the poet sees at her window when he is mourning the death of Beatrice; Lisetta Consolatrix, who momentarily weans his meditations from his lost beloved—it is a thankless teasing out of the thought to clap the invisible cap of philosophy upon her. These enigmatic loves of Dante are, in fact, spiritualized gallantries, further etherealized in the subsequent prose commentary by a complex allegory. Dante, in short, is offering Beatrice something like an apology, not exactly for his infidelities, but for his deviations from the rapturous and single idea of serving her. So with Pietra. *Pargoletta*, the "little maid," as he calls her, is a trifle inadequate as an impersonation of an abstract science! The whole problem is, indeed, as Professor Grandgent might have pointed out, a fascinating study of the intricate Dantesque psychology, of Dante's mind and heart, his visions, his temperament, and his experiences interwoven by superb literary skill with the fashions of the age. There is a humorous, innocent casuistry in it too. Matelda, whom the poet also names "Primavera," is, by the most courteous dexterity, explained away to Beatrice as *prima vera*—viz., "she shall come first," in the way that John the Baptist (her name, it seems, was Giovanna) preceded Christ! His attentions to her were really a screen, so as not to bring the good name of Beatrice into disrepute—a sort of devotion by proxy. And Dante himself, in later days of more rapt and sterner inspiration, elevates his apology to Beatrice into a confession. In a passage in the Earthly Paradise Beatrice reproaches him, not for preferring philosophy to theology, but for yielding against his conscience to another love and concealing it under the plausible cloak of allegory. So Professor Grandgent reads it, and we agree with him. And so we are brought to the end of a singularly captivating chapter—combining as it does, with such subtle strangeness, the mystical and the actual, the amorous and the divine, the human and the metaphysical—in the folio of the loves of the poets.

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says, "different men will always be apt to fix on one truth or another which appeals to their temperaments." He might have added that even clever historians will believe anything they wish to believe. The lectures were written at the request of Mr. Victor Fisher, of the British Workers' League. The last sentence is added, not as criticism, but as a fact which the learned author of the book sees no reason to omit from mentioning in his treatise. He therefore does so.

"Bernard Shaw: The Man and His Work." By HERBERT SKIMPOLE, B.A. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

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esting but exciting. These stories of the early Quakers are written chiefly for Quaker children of various ages. The author knows the secret of dressing a story to hold the attention of intelligent young people. George Fox and other great figures from history are alive and lovable in these pages. In harmony with the reading matter are Mr. Cayley-Robinson's colored illustrations.

The Week in the City.

THERE has been little of importance in the Money and Discount Markets during the past week. Short loans have been obtainable at from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the discount rate is $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. In view of the terrible events in France, it was hardly to be expected that much business should be transacted on the Stock Exchange, but Home securities have maintained their prices pretty well. On Thursday, French Fives were depressed at 76 $\frac{1}{2}$. Miscellaneous markets have been rather dull on the whole; the Rubber Market has been quiet, but there have been several improvements in the Cornish tin group. There is much anxiety and apprehension caused by the Northcliffe Press reports of the Man-Power Bill—a drastic comb-out and measures for raising the military age—which are bound to dislocate business. The exchanges have not been interesting, but the Italian lire rate is now approaching 42 to the one pound-note. Petrograd is quite nominal. The Council of Foreign Bondholders in its annual reports refers to the repudiation of Russia's National Debt as an event unparalleled in the history of the world, and refuses to believe that this deliberate confiscation of borrowed money will receive the support of the people of Russia.

CAMMELL LAIRD & Co.

This well-known armament firm, which had enjoyed a somewhat chequered career before the war, has been highly prosperous since the manufacture of war materials became a national industry, and for the past three years has paid a dividend of 10 per cent. on its Ordinary shares. For the five years, 1908 to 1912, no dividend at all was paid, for in 1908, owing to the cancellation of certain Government contracts, the company had a disastrous year financially, and it was not until 1913 that arrears of Preference dividend were wiped off and ordinary dividends resumed. The following table summarises the financial history of the company since 1907:—

	Net Profit.	Prof. Div.	Reserve, &c.	Ord. Div.	Rate	Carried Forward.
	£	£	£	£	%	£
1907	Dr. 1,618	30,631	—	28,692	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Dr. 14,987
1908	Dr. 152,131	—	—	—	—	Dr. 169,221
1909	50,715	—	—	—	—	Dr. 120,606
1912	144,989	122,522	—	—	—	55,534
1913	169,126	91,892	68,602	28,692	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	37,775
1914	237,899	61,261	100,000	86,075	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	25,937
1915	303,841	61,261	100,000	114,768	10	51,450
1916	321,372	61,261	100,000	114,768	10	94,484
1917	308,123	61,261	150,000	114,768	10	74,689

The net profit for 1917, after payment of Debenture interest, is thus over £13,000 lower than in 1916, but this, the directors state, is due to the increase from 60 to 80 per cent. in the excess profits duty. Owing to the larger amount brought into the accounts, however, they are enabled to increase the appropriation to reserve from £100,000 to £150,000, the balance carried being reduced by nearly £20,000. The principal change in the balance-sheet is an increase of £788,500 in sundry creditors, which include a reserve for war taxation.

RIO TINTO REPORT.

The declaration of a 90 per cent. dividend for 1917, as compared with 95 per cent. for 1916, pointed to little change in the revenue of the Rio Tinto Co., and the report published this week shows that this is the case. Profit from sales of produce amounted in 1917 to £2,348,100, as compared with £2,219,300, and the balance of revenue account was £2,288,300, as against £2,145,800. Depreciation of plant, &c., absorbed £61,800, as against £47,300, and £5,000 was placed to the staff provident fund. The Preference dividend absorbed £81,250 and the Ordinary dividend £1,687,500, leaving £519,600 to be carried forward, as against £283,300 brought in.

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